BOYS' AND GIRLS' CALIFORNIA

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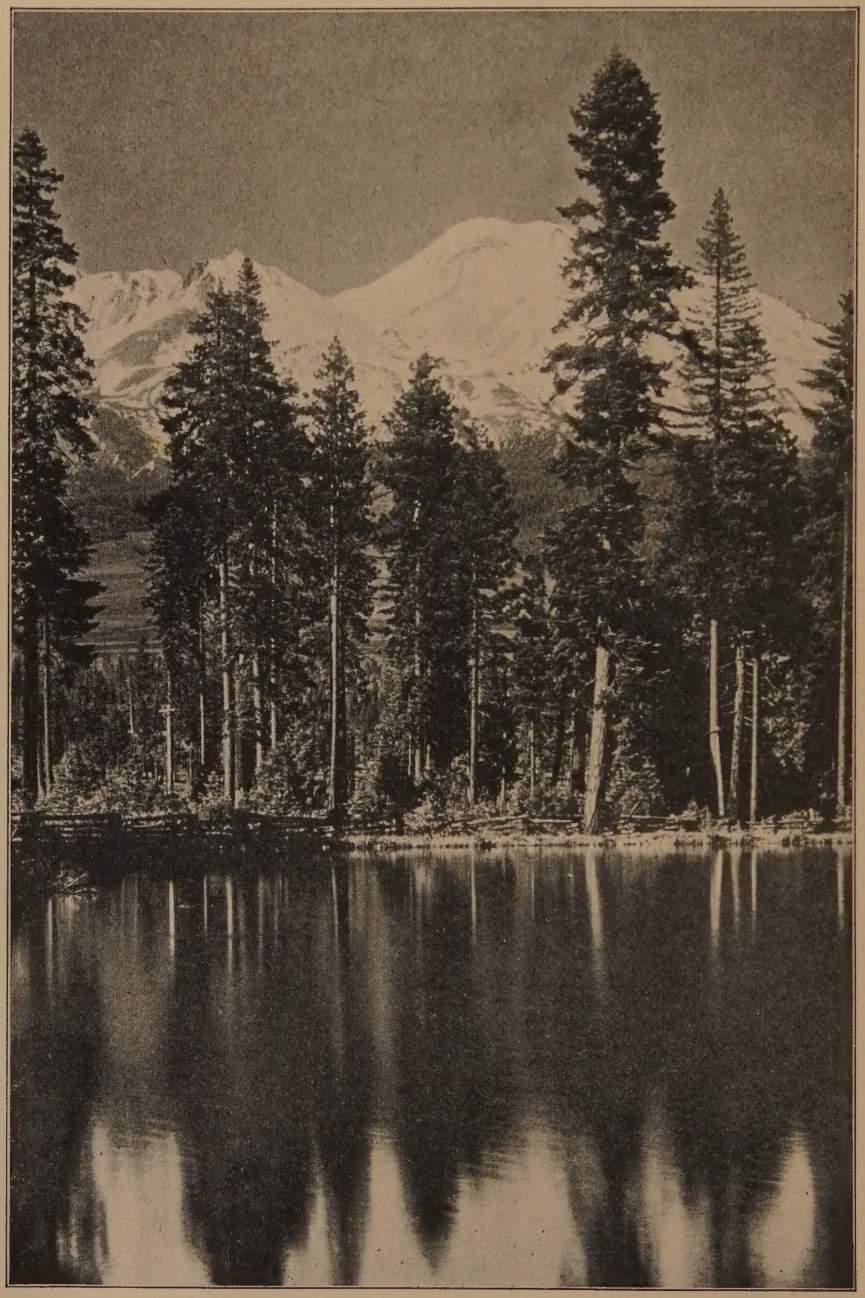

BEAUTIFUL MOUNT SHASTA

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CALIFORNIA

BY

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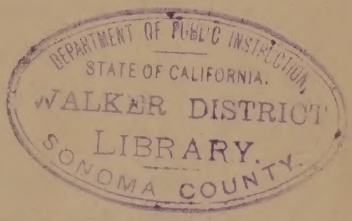

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INTRODUCTION

EVERY year thousands of boys and girls travel about the beautiful State of California. Many of them tour with their parents and friends in motor cars of many makes; but more of them go in imagination piloted by teachers who have made the journeys in the past so vivid and real that younger brothers and sisters are wont to inquire eagerly, "When are we going to study California?"

In *Boys' and Girls' California* the author has sought to make available to all some of the stories and associations which have proved of interest to children.

The author makes grateful acknowledgment for help received and materials loaned from many sources.

To friends in the Los Angeles City Schools, as follows:

To Mrs. Susan M. Dorsey, Superintendent, who introduced the California history stories into the city schools, I am indebted for many suggestions as to the content of this volume; to Mr. R. H. Lane, Assistant Superintendent, for the original suggestion that this book be written and aid in determining the form; to Miss Frances R. Dearborn, Supervisor of Third and Fourth Grades, and Miss Jasmine Britton, City School Librarian, for critical reading of the manuscript; to Miss Loretto Clark, Supervisor of Visual Education, for un-

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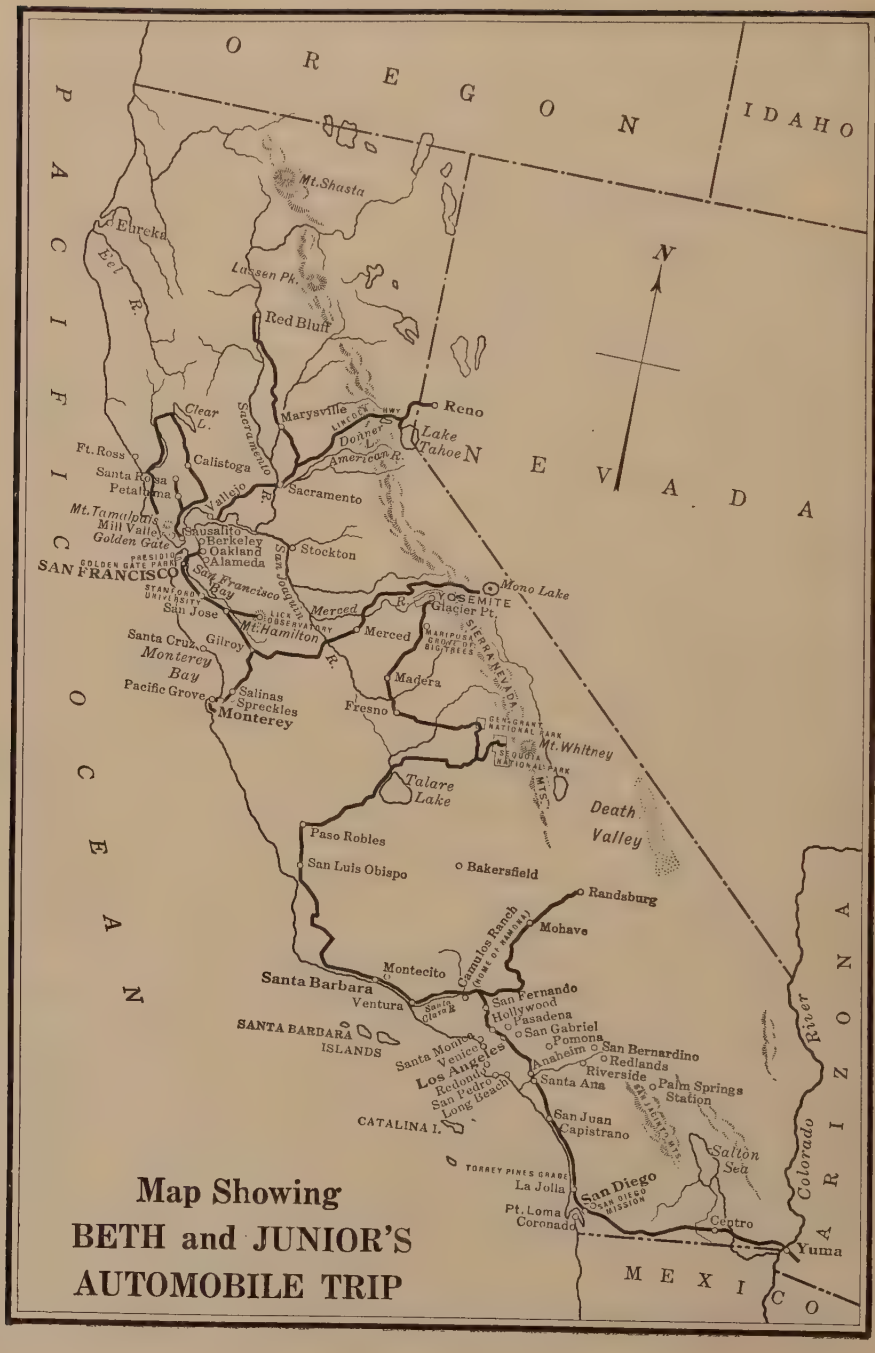


Map Showing
BETH and JUNIOR'S
AUTOMOBILE TRIP

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CALIFORNIA

∴

CHAPTER I

CROSSING THE DUNES

"Oh, Uncle John! Let's camp right here! I want to go swimming over there!"

Junior, in his eagerness, seized his uncle's arm.

"Steady there, young man! Do you want to ditch the machine? What do you mean?" But Uncle John smiled down at the excited little boy on the seat beside him. "Perpetual motion," his uncle called him.

Junior pointed to water rippling through banks of sand. It looked cool and clean.

"Why *not* camp?" asked Aunt Julia, yawning. "We have had a long, hot day. We're in luck to find water for a dip. Can't you drive over, John? The ground seems hard."

"I'll try. I should like a swim, myself." And Uncle John turned off the road, toward the water.

"Let me get a picture." Beth reached for her kodak. "Please, Uncle John, the sun is just right."

"All right, Princess. Just as you say. Tell me when." For Uncle John knew Beth. She would be ready sometime; but not right now.

"Ready now, Uncle John!" He brought the car to

a stop. Beth rested the camera carefully and then gasped. "Why, where is it? Where did it go?"

Aunt Julia and Uncle John looked. They looked again — then looked at each other and began to laugh.

"The joke is on us rather than on the children," said Uncle John. "I was certainly fooled that time. I should have known it was only a mirage."

"But what happened?" cried both children at once.

"There was really no water at all. We just thought we saw it. Our baths will have to wait. Luckily we have plenty of water with us to drink. In the old days, many travelers died of thirst, chasing the mirage. And no wonder! See! Other people have made our mistake." Uncle John pointed out a number of wheel tracks.

"I am going to take a picture, anyway. I'll name it 'The mirage we tried to swim in'." Beth gave a little giggle. "How do you spell it, Auntie?"

"What about camp?" asked Aunt Julia.

"Let's have supper and then go on. I want to drive through the hot sand dunes at night while it is cool. We can rest an hour or two after eating."

Uncle John and Aunt Julia had been in California before. They usually spent the winter at Santa Barbara. The children were looking forward eagerly to seeing the State. They had come all the way from Illinois, where they lived on a large farm. They had often visited their uncle and aunt in Chicago; but they had never been out of Illinois until this trip.

Junior and Beth were glad of a chance to run around.

They gathered sticks for the fire. They helped Aunt Julia with the supper. They were not really tired; but they had found Yuma very hot, for it was June. Now the sun was low and the air was pleasantly cool.

After supper, the children played for an hour. Uncle John was busy with the machine.

DUNES OF DRIFTING SAND

It was cold by the time they were ready to start. They had learned in New Mexico and Arizona how cold desert nights are, even in June. Both children got into the back of the machine with Aunt Julia.

"You may get sleepy," she said. "If you do, you can curl up and I will cover you with the blanket."

It was moonlight, yet the stars shone like diamonds.

Beth thought they had never seemed so close. All around were the rolling hills or dunes of drifting sand.

"No wonder Anza got lost in crossing these hills. Are you sure we are on the right road?" Aunt Julia had rather dreaded crossing the desert.

"Quite sure," Uncle John replied.

"Who was Anza? Tell us about him, Aunt Julia. Did he get lost? Tell us a real story, please, beginning 'Once upon a time,'" coaxed Beth.

"All right. Junior, you know, is somewhat like Anza," teasingly. (Junior had a habit of getting lost. Once in Chicago they had found him at the police station. At their last Arizona camp he had given them all a fright.)

"Once upon a time, a man named Anza tried to cross these dunes. He was looking for a new way to reach the California settlements.

"At that time, very few white people lived along the Pacific coast. A few years before, the Spaniards, who owned Mexico, had decided to settle California.

"They knew it would not be easy to conquer the Indians. They knew it would cost a great deal of money to build forts and to hold them.

"Some priests in Mexico wanted to convert the Indians. So the missionaries and the Mexican governor worked together.

"Several missions had been founded. Besides the mission fathers, there were a few soldiers; and, of course, there were the Indians.

"The people in California needed food and other

supplies. They needed horses and cattle and sheep. They needed settlers, women and children. The wonderful bay of San Francisco had been discovered. A settlement was needed there.

"The boats coming up the coast were small. They

ANOTHER DESERT PICTURE FARTHER NORTH—JOSHUA TREES

could not carry many people nor animals. Often storms wrecked the boats and the supplies were lost.

"Northern Mexico was not very well settled. But crops were raised in Sonora, and horses and cattle and sheep. The animals could be driven through to California, if a way could be found.

"So Captain Anza started out from Tubac, a fort in southern Arizona. Arizona was then also a part of

Mexico. Do you remember the pack-train we saw near Yuma? Well, the supplies needed for Anza's trip were carried on mules.

"There were thirty-four men in the party. They drove a herd of cattle to eat on the way. They also took extra horses. Some Indians helped them across the Colorado River, not far from where we crossed it at Yuma. But of course they had no bridge.

"Palma, the Indian chief, was friendly. He was very happy with a necklace of coins which Anza had given him.

"When they came to the sand dunes, the guides could not find the way through. They realized they were lost. Their tracks filled up with sand. It took them several days to get back to the river. Their animals were tired out.

"Anza made a fresh start with the best horses and mules. He left part of his supplies with Palma. This time he turned south and went around the dunes. Then he traveled toward the mountains. He crossed them safely."

Bump! The car came to a sudden stop. Junior was thrown forward and struck his head on the seat in front.

"Couldn't help it," said Uncle John. "I almost ran into the car ahead. In trouble?" he called out.

"Yes, we're stalled. Don't know what is the matter. Think we had better wait for daylight. Maybe we can let you by."

"I'll help you get the machine out of the road." Uncle John knew there might be other night travelers.

It was a small car. Yet it was not easy to get it out of the road. Junior helped by turning the steering-wheel, while the men pushed.

"Have you plenty of water?" asked Uncle John.

"Oh, yes. We are from Arizona. We know better than to travel short of water. We'll just roll up in our blankets and sleep till daylight."

"All right. Good luck to you!" And Uncle John went back to look over his own car. He thought he might have broken something in stopping so suddenly.

"Where is Junior?" asked Beth, when they were ready to start. Yes, where was Junior? Nowhere in sight. A call, however, brought him running. He was only hidden by the other machine. He had been too busy talking to know it was time to go.

"You'll get lost once too often." Aunt Julia tucked the blanket around him.

"I wasn't lost at all," he protested.

"Those men are from Douglas," he went on, talking very fast. "They are going to look at some mines away north of here. But first they are going to Los Angeles. They are going through the Imperial Valley."

Aunt Julia laughed. "Trust a boy to pick up information."

"I am waiting to hear the rest about Anza," announced Beth, in a patient voice.

"Oh, I had forgotten all about Anza. Where were we?" Aunt Julia knew Beth would not be satisfied

until she had the whole story. For Beth aways wanted to finish what she began.

"They were crossing the mountains."

"Oh, yes, the Sierra Nevadas. They found a good pass through the mountains. The way down the west side was fairly easy. The people at San Gabriel were certainly surprised to see them coming.

"Anza pushed on to Monterey. Then he went back to Mexico for settlers and supplies.

"The next year he made the trip again. This time there were nearly two hundred and fifty people in the party. More than a thousand animals left Mexico. They had to divide into three groups to cross the desert. There would not be enough water for all of them at one time. They crossed the desert and the mountains safely. They found a great deal of snow on the mountains. They really suffered with the cold."

"What!" interrupted Junior. "Snow in California?"

"Thought you were asleep," laughed Aunt Julia. "Certainly there was snow. It was in the winter. On the highest mountains there is snow even in summer."

"And did they all get to San Francisco?"

"When they reached San Gabriel, they met bad news. The San Diego Mission had been attacked by Indians. Several people had been killed. Anza went to San Diego with some soldiers. After he came back, he took the settlers to Monterey. There he left them and went back to Mexico.

"Others made the settlement on San Francisco Bay. Anza had explored the country around the bay and had

picked out a site for a fort and one for a mission. He had brought the settlers through the dangerous part of their journey.

"Remember the way they had traveled was wilderness. The only roads and bridges were those made on the first trip. They could not depend on any food but what they brought with them. There was very little water, until they came to the mountains."

"Did the Indians fight them?" Junior dreamed about Indian fighting.

"No, the Yumas were friendly and helped them. You see Anza made friends with Palma. That was better than fighting him."

"We are through the dunes at last," announced Uncle John.

A short drive over a plank road brought them to a well. It was near the Mexican border. There they camped for the night. Other people were camped at the well. Some of the travelers were going toward Yuma, some west.

Our tourists were astir early the next morning. They saw the sun rise over the dunes they had passed. Early morning on the desert is the most beautiful time of day. "Hurry!" urged Uncle John. "A long sand stretch is ahead of us and it will soon be hot."

"I don't think I shall ever be hot again." Junior shivered.

They made a quick breakfast and were soon on their way. The road was full of bumps. The engine worked hard. Soon the water was boiling.

"I am glad we filled that extra canteen." Aunt Julia thought of what the desert would be without water.

"What became of the railroad?" Junior missed the trains. The desert was too still to please him.

Aunt Julia explained that the railroad had turned off toward Imperial Valley.

"Trains aren't needed here," she said. "There are no ranches — no crops to go to market. The Imperial Valley needs the railroad. The ranchers there must market their crops. However, the railroad was not built for the ranchers. It was there when Imperial Valley was still a desert. It is the shortest and best route between Yuma and Los Angeles."

"But people go to San Diego by train," protested Beth. "How do they get there?"

"A railroad lies the other side of the Mexican line. It swings back to our side farther on."

For an hour they drove steadily through sand.

Suddenly Junior bobbed up again. "Oh, look! There is an airplane! There, on the ground!"

"Perhaps they are in trouble." Uncle John looked serious. "I'll find a place to stop and go over to see."

"Can't we all go?"

"We can't drive over. The ground is not hard, as it was where we chased the mirage. I'll walk, though it is farther than it looks. Let me take your camera, Princess, and I'll get you a picture."

"Please let me go," pleaded Junior.

"All right. But that means I must take a canteen. We'll soon find out how much of a man you are."

Junior started out bravely, striding beside his uncle. In a few minutes he began to puff. His feet felt like lead. In the moving car, he had not realized that it was getting hot. How the sun beat down! No air was stirring. His throat felt dry. He wanted to sit down. But he wanted more to see the airplane.

"May I have a drink?" he asked.

Uncle John smiled encouragingly. "Of course you may. That is what I brought the water for."

It seemed hours to Junior before they reached the machine. He wanted to drink every two or three minutes. Uncle John was patient, although he was in a hurry. He wanted to be on his way before it got any hotter. But he could not pass any one on the desert who might be in trouble.

The fliers were army men who had landed to make a slight repair. They were almost ready to fly, but took time to show Junior about the plane.

"Let us take him up," one of the men said. "I'll hold him."

"Well, just for a minute," Uncle John agreed.

Junior hardly had time to be frightened. When they came down, his eyes were shining, though his cheeks were white. For once he had nothing to say.

They watched the plane go up and up until it was almost lost to sight in the blue sky. Then it sailed straight for Yuma. Slowly they made their way back to the waiting auto. By the time they reached it, the canteen was almost empty. Uncle John was tempted to pick the little fellow up and carry him.

"No," he said to himself. "He must learn to pay the price of his adventures."

"Oh, Aunt Julia!" Junior started talking before she could possibly have heard him. "I went up in it! I was ten miles high! I saw the whole world! I saw the ocean! I — oh, I am so hot and tired!" He began to cry, as he tumbled into the auto.

Aunt Julia looked reprovingly at Uncle John. But his eyes said, "Let him alone."

Beth was quick to catch the by-play and kept still — as long as she could. Then — "Did he really and truly go up?" she asked in an awed tone. And before Uncle John could answer — "Did you bring me a picture?"

"Several. I used up the roll. Better load up again and be ready for the next time."

"He took one of me. I can send it home to all the fellows," boasted Junior, quite himself again.

"But he didn't see the ocean?" Beth didn't believe that possible.

"Hardly. If he saw water, it must have been the Salton Sea."

"What is that?"

"A big lake in Imperial Valley. The valley is irrigated from the Colorado River. One year too much water came into the canals. The waste water made this lake. The valley is a natural lake bed. It was probably once part of the Gulf of California. Part of it is below sea level.

"In the very lowest part was the Salton Sink — salt

deposits partly covered with shallow water. There were salt mines there which were ruined by the rising water."

That night they camped near El Centro. It is so called because it is the center of the valley.

How good the cold milk tasted after their hot ride! El Centro has one of the largest creameries in the

THEY FOUND CANTALOUPES — IMPERIAL VALLEY

West. The valley is famous for its dairy products, as well as for its cotton, vegetables, grapefruit, and other crops.

They found cantaloupes in market.

"Do you remember those we had in Chicago before we left?" asked Aunt Julia. "They came from Imperial Valley. It is so warm here, the melons ripen early."

"Before the water was brought in," Uncle John explained, "the whole valley was a desert. That was about twenty years ago. In the early days, many people died of thirst. Now, with water, the finest crops are raised. Some of the best cotton in the world is grown here.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THE VALLEY IS FAMOUS FOR ITS COTTON

"Now the people are talking of building a wonderful new dam called the 'Boulder Dam.' This will irrigate even more of the desert."

"Have you youngsters ever been through an ice plant?" asked Uncle John after supper. As they had not, he took them over to see how ice is made.

"In Imperial Valley ice is almost as necessary as water," he explained. "The vegetables that are marketed in the East have to go in ice cars. The lettuce and spinach are packed in ice or they would be wilted before they got to market. And, of course, the creameries must have ice."

CHAPTER II

SEEING SAN DIEGO

"With good luck," announced Uncle John next morning, "we'll be in San Diego to-night."

A smooth concrete road led through fields of cotton and alfalfa. Soon the crops were left behind. Mountains were ahead of them. At the end of an hour, they began to climb. Up and up they went. The mountains were bare and rocky. At the summit Uncle John stopped the car.

"Look back!" he cried. "There is Junior's ocean."

The air was clear. Far below them lay the Salton Sea. They could see that Imperial Valley lies in a nest of mountains.

Aunt Julia drew a long breath. "What a picture!" she said. "Mountains and valleys! That is California, Beth. You will find mountains and valleys all over the State."

"Don't forget the ocean. That belongs in a California picture." It was the ocean that drew Uncle John to California year after year.

They reached San Diego long before dark. Aunt Julia took the children to Coronado, while Uncle John put the car in a garage to have it overhauled after its long trip across the desert.

A short street-car ride brought them to the ferry.

"Be careful!" warned Aunt Julia, as the children crowded to the railing of the deck.

Several planes were in the air. About them the bay lay blue and still.

BEEHIVES ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

"Is that a battleship?" Junior pointed excitedly to a large gray boat.

"A cruiser, I think," replied Aunt Julia. "Uncle Sam has many ships here. The planes are Uncle Sam's, too."

There were several sailboats on the water.

"Junior, Junior!" called Aunt Julia. "Where can he be?"

"Here I am." Junior came up from below. "There are a million automobiles down there," he said.

"Are you sure you counted right?" laughed Aunt Julia. "The machines drive right on the boat and drive off again. See! there they go!"

JUST THIS SIDE OF POINT LOMA

In watching the automobiles, they were almost too late to get off the ferry themselves.

Another street-car ride brought them to the hotel.

"Come. I want you to see the ocean." Aunt Julia led them to the beach. A number of children were playing in the sand.

"You may take off your shoes and stockings," she said. "But don't go out too far."

The children were too excited to play quietly. They

ran up and down the beach. They raced with the breakers. They got well splashed. In half an hour their aunt called them. She had brought sandwiches and a sack of plump, red cherries. While they ate, they looked far away toward the south. There was water as far as they could see, except where a group of islands cut the horizon.

"Those are the Coronados," explained Aunt Julia. "They belong to Mexico."

A ship attracted Beth's attention. At first she could see scarcely more than a bit of smoke against the sky. The boat came steadily toward them, growing larger and larger.

"It seems to be coming in," said Aunt Julia. "There is only one entrance to the harbor — over there, just this side of Point Loma."

To the west of them, a long point extended into the water. Just behind it lay the setting sun.

"Is that a lighthouse?" Junior's bright eyes had spied a tower high on the point.

"Yes; it was built by the Spaniards, but is not now in use. Uncle Sam's lighthouse is right down by the water's edge. It was found that the fogs hid the higher lights, so they did not help the ships. It is clear to-day, but it is often foggy, all along the coast."

A man came and lowered the Stars and Stripes which floated from a pole on the beach.

"I didn't hear your sunset gun," said Aunt Julia.

"No, I leave that for the fort over there," he said,

nodding toward Point Loma. "I suppose you have seen Fort Rosecrans?"

"The children haven't. We reached San Diego only to-day. See! our ship is coming into the bay!"

They watched it round the point of North Island.

"Where will it dock?" Aunt Julia asked the man with the flag.

"At the municipal wharf, at the foot of Broadway. You should take the children to see it."

"How about it, Junior?" But Junior had disappeared.

"I'll find him," said Beth. "He can't have gone far."

"Will she get lost?" asked the flagman.

"No. She has a good bump of location. Besides, she is used to hunting Junior."

Soon the children came back. A small boy was with them.

"Aunt Julia, this is Tom Arnold. He lives in San Diego. His father is a bus driver. He knows the best places to go. Can I go to North Island with him? I want to see the airplanes." Junior stopped when he ran out of breath.

"Not now. It will soon be dark. We can't see everything to-night, you know."

"You won't see everything, if you stay a month." Tom was proud of San Diego. "I like the bay the best — the planes and the boats. There's a speed boat here that goes seventy miles an hour."

"I wonder what Cabrillo would say if he could see

this bay now," said Aunt Julia. "I wonder what *he* would think of the speed boats and the seaplanes and the battleships."

"Who was *he?*" Beth had a weakness for odd names.

"I know." Tom was eager to air his knowledge. "He discovered the bay. His name is on the fountain at the plaza."

"What a funny name! Is it Spanish?"

"No, Cabrillo was from Portugal. He came from Mexico to explore the coast of California for Spain. He had two small ships — sailboats, of course. This was long ago — before our own east coast was settled. But we must hurry back. Uncle John will think we have gone to Mexico. It is too dark to see more to-night."

The lights of San Diego were very pretty from the bay. The city lay like a half-moon on the slope of the hills.

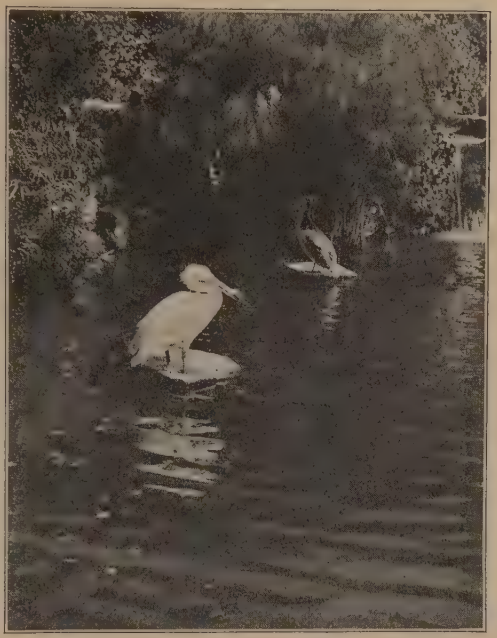
As the machine was not yet ready to leave the garage, the next morning was spent on the bay. Tom Arnold was with Junior. They went out in a pleasure boat, with many other tourists.

"Oh, look!" cried Beth. "Look at the airplane! Quick! There is a man on a hanging ladder!"

"The movie people are taking pictures," explained the guide. "Watch the speed boat!" He snapped a good picture for Beth with her kodak. The people on the boat watched the exciting race between the speed boat and the plane.

"The camera men are on the seaplane," said the guide. "That is a government plane — the largest type made by Uncle Sam."

As they sailed around the bay, the guide showed them the big buildings of the naval base. They saw other government buildings on Point Loma. They saw La Playa, where ships came in to trade in the old Spanish days.



THE BIG BIRDS ARE PELICANS

Next the boat sailed past Uncle Sam's coaling station and the target used by the battleships in big-gun practice. But the children were more interested in some birds on a long sandbar.

"That bar is under water when the tide is high," said Tom. "There are two high tides and two low tides a day. The big birds are pelicans. The black ones are Japanese cormorants. The white ones are gulls."

To Junior's great disappointment, they did not land at the aviation fields. But they did see the gray battleships at the south end of the bay.

By afternoon, their car was ready. Tom felt very

important as he guided them about the city. He showed them the plaza and the Cabrillo fountain. They walked about it and read the inscription.

"Is *that* the way you spell Cabrillo?" asked Beth. "Let me write it down. Then I must take a picture."

THE PALM TREES ABOUT THE PLAZA MADE A GOOD PICTURE

Beth was in the fifth grade at school. She had promised her class to bring back a report on California. Her class had given her the kodak, so she could bring them views of the trip.

The palm trees about the plaza made a good picture. They were a novelty to Beth, who had seen only small palms in flower pots.

"The oldest palm tree in California is at Old Town," boasted Tom. "It is the tallest tree I ever saw."

They drove out to Old Town. There they saw the palm tree planted by Father Serra, and took a picture of it. Beth copied the sign on it for her story.

"First Palm planted in California, 1769, by Father Serra, in whose memory the cross on the hill was erected by the order of Panama."

THE OLDEST PALM IS AT OLD TOWN

Then they had to climb the hill to see the cross. A number of cattle feeding there seemed to be very much at home. Tom expected Beth to be afraid.

"When I am home, I milk cows," she told him scornfully.

From the hill they could look out over the quiet bay. They seemed far away from the city. It was easy for the older people to imagine themselves back in the old days. But the hoarse "Who-oo-t" of a steamboat whistle recalled them to the present.

They found that the cross was made of brick.

"This must be mission brick," said Uncle John.

"They made some sun-dried bricks at the missions. But they also made these red oven bricks."

Beth copied this inscription:

"In this ancient Indian Village of Cosoy,
Discovered and named San Miguel by Cabrillo in 1542,
Visited and christened San Diego de Alcala by Vizcaino in 1602,
Here the first citizen Fray Junipero Serra
Planted civilization in California;
Here he first raised the cross;
Here began the first mission;
Here founded the first town San Diego, July 16, 1769.
In memory of him and his works.
The order of Panama, 1913."

They returned to the automobile.

"Oh, see that bell!" cried Beth. "What is that for?"

"That is the 'El Camino Real' sign. You will see many of them along the coast. It means — "

"I know what it means," broke in Tom. "It's Spanish for 'The King's Highway.' I can talk Spanish," he boasted.

"In traveling back and forth between the missions," Aunt Julia went on, "a road was made. At first it was only an Indian trail. It was often deep with mud or dust. Now it is a paved automobile road."

"You must see Ramona's home," said Tom.

"Who was *he?*" asked Beth. "Did he discover a bay or found a mission?"

Aunt Julia laughed. "Ramona was the name of a girl in a story. This was not really her home. She

was married here. We must see it. It is one of the old, old buildings."

They found it was built around three sides of a court. The walls were of adobe. In the old kitchen, they saw how the rafters were tied together with leather thongs. They were not nailed. In the old days, there were not many nails to use.

In the court were many pretty flowers and shrubs. There was the stump of an old palm tree. The guide told them it was one of the first three planted by Father Serra. It had lately been broken off.

The guide told Beth to drink at the wishing well at the end of the court.

They saw an old Spanish cart. It had only two wheels. The wheels were sections of a tree.

"They used these all over California," said Aunt Julia. "On holidays, they trimmed them with flowers for the ladies to ride in. Usually, though, the ladies, as well as the men and boys, rode horses. The Californians were splendid horsemen. They raised fine horses."

Later in the day, Uncle John drove to Balboa Park. This is a large park in the heart of San Diego. It was named for Balboa, who discovered the Pacific Ocean. In 1915, an exposition was held at Balboa Park. The buildings are still there.

At one side of the park is a model of cliff dwellings. Uncle John explained that many ruins of cliff dwellings are found in the Southwest. Thousands of years ago, they were the homes of the ancestors of the Pueblo

Indians. The cliff dwellers were an interesting people. They farmed and irrigated the land. They were far ahead of the California Indians.

"My teacher wants me to find out all I can about California Indians," said Beth.

"I'll tell you how we can manage that, Beth," suggested Aunt Julia. "I will help you write a story to take back to your class. It will take a little time, though. We will work on it evenings."

"And rainy days?"

"There won't be any. It doesn't rain here this time of year."

This was Beth's story. Of course it was not finished until some time later.

CHAPTER III

CALIFORNIA INDIANS

When Cabrillo came to San Diego, he found Indians. The Indian men wore no clothes. They seemed afraid of the white men. They stood on the shore and watched the ships. They shot arrows at the sailors who were fishing in the bay. But when Cabrillo showed himself friendly, the Indians were friendly.

These Indians could not talk the language of those from Mexico. They talked by signs. Cabrillo found other Indians, as he explored the coast. Along the Santa Barbara Channel, he found Indians with canoes. They seemed brighter than the other Indians he had seen. These had better homes. They caught fish.

Other explorers who came later learned more about the Indians.

They lived in villages. They did not wander about much. The Indians of one tribe could not understand the language of those of another tribe. Their huts were poor affairs. They were made of poles set in a circle and tied together at the top. The Indians had very little to eat. Sometimes they quarreled and fought over acorn groves, although they were not generally warlike.

We would not like to eat their food. They made a sort of flour by grinding acorns. This was done by

the women with stones. They ate roots and seeds and berries. They ate little animals, such as rats and mice and frogs. They ate coyotes. They ate grubs, grasshoppers, and even snakes. A good deal of the time they went hungry.

They made baskets, but no pottery. For cooking, they used stone pots.

The mission fathers came from Mexico to convert these Indians. They founded missions all along the coast.

It took many months to win the trust and friendship of the Indians. The fathers gave them food and other presents. Little by little the Indians were persuaded to come to the missions to live.

The fathers baptized them and taught them to pray. They taught them to work. They showed them how to make large and strong buildings of adobe and brick and stone. For rafters they used big timbers cut from the trees. Sometimes they had to bring them a long distance from the hills where the oak trees grew.

The Indians learned to make sun-dried adobe bricks and smaller bricks baked in the fire. They learned to make flat tiles, and the curved tiles used for roofs. They built forts and many mission buildings. They made dams to store water. They constructed flumes to carry the water several miles for use at the missions or on the land.

They learned to farm, to irrigate; to raise grain, to raise olives, grapes, and other fruit. They raised

cattle and horses and sheep. They made mills to grind flour. They made wine. They even built ships. They became musicians and artists.

The women learned Spanish ways of cooking. They learned to make wonderful preserves of the fruit. They learned to sew and weave and to make lace.

The Indian farmers usually lived in their own huts. They liked them better than the mission buildings. They worked hard. After the first few years, the missions were no longer poor. The fertile valleys they farmed produced enough for all.

While Mexico was at war with Spain, the mission farms supplied the California forts, or presidios. The mission fathers held that the mission lands belonged to the Indians. The Mexicans thought that after a few years the missions would not be needed. They thought that soon all the Indians would be converted and taught to work. Then the land could be divided among the Indians for their own use.

The mission Indians were not the only farmers in California. There were many farms in the rich valleys, owned by Spanish officers and other settlers. Some of them were miles and miles in length.

Then, in a long war, Mexico won independence from Spain. During the war, little attention was paid to California. The new Mexican Government took the lands away from the missions.

The Indians were not able to keep the mission lands. Some of them went back to the hills and lived again as wild Indians. Some of them went to live on the

big ranches. They formed villages and were given land by the big ranch owners.

After a war between our country and Mexico, California became a part of the United States. Before that time, many settlers had come from our Eastern States. Now many more came. The settlers wanted the best land. The Indians could not hold their lands, because they had no title. They had to give up their homes. Our Government tried to take care of them. They were moved from place to place.

The old Indians did not like to leave their homes. Some of them ran away to the hills and perhaps starved. The young Indians did not so much mind the change. Uncle Sam helped them to get water on their new lands. He bought more land for them. He provided schools for their children.

There are not nearly so many Indians now as when the white people came. Many of them died of smallpox and other diseases. Those that are left are scattered in small groups in different parts of the State.

CHAPTER IV

SAN DIEGO TO LOS ANGELES

"Aunt Julia, I am afraid!" cried Beth. "What if we meet another auto?"

They were nearly at the top of Grossmont. The road was very steep and winding.

"There is no danger of that. This is a one-way road," her aunt assured her.

"But what if something broke? Oh, I wish I hadn't come." Beth was almost crying.

To tell the truth, Aunt Julia was a little nervous, herself. But it would never do to show it before the children.

They were on their way to the old mission. They had come this way so Beth could get some pictures from Grossmont. She had already taken one of the home of Madam Schumann-Heink. Carrie Jacobs Bond and Owen Wister also have homes on Grossmont. Many noted people live in California, at least part of the year.

The party reached the top safely. They climbed to the lookout so Beth could get her views. The day was perfect; the air, wonderfully clear. Far, far away, like fairy clouds against the blue sky, were the snow-capped peaks of distant mountains. Nearer them lay El Cajon

Valley, with its ranches and towns. All around the valley were mountains.

"Now are you sorry we came?" asked Aunt Julia.

"No-o," doubtfully. "But I wish we didn't have to go down. The brakes might not hold."

"See here, Princess," said Uncle John. "Don't you trust me at all? I'll look after the brakes. This view is worth coming two thousand miles to see. Don't spoil it by fretting. Come, let me help you get your pictures."

"I'm not afraid," boasted Junior. "I wasn't afraid in the airplane."

Beth was a little ashamed. She didn't like to have Uncle John think her a baby. After all, the way down proved easy. The road was smooth and Uncle John was a good driver.

Down into the valley again they went, past ranches and little towns. They turned back toward the city along the San Diego River Valley. They stopped repeatedly for Beth to take pictures. This, too, was a mountain road for part of the way. The river was far below them. Uncle John pointed out the old dam. It was built by the mission fathers nearly a hundred and fifty years ago.

Soon they came to the mission ruins. "It is in worse condition than I expected to find it." Aunt Julia walked around to the east side. "See where the wall has been repaired. I shouldn't think the old 'dobe would last long without a roof."

"One can understand why they moved the mission

from the bay." Uncle John looked out over the valley.

"What a beautiful spot it is! It was here they had their farms, their gardens and olive groves. Away over there across the valley is the hill where the presidio stood.

"Look, children! Over on that hill was a fort held by a handful of soldiers. It was near where we saw the cross yesterday.

"Here in the mission were a few other soldiers with two mission fathers.

"One quiet night early in November, 1775, all were at rest. No one thought of danger. No guards had been posted.

"Silently through the darkness crept up hundreds of hostile Indians. When the little band of Spaniards were wakened by the yells of the Indians, the place had already been set on fire.

"As the Spaniards ran out of the burning building, they met the arrows of the Indians. All reached an adobe storehouse except one of the padres. He was captured and killed.

"The storehouse was attacked and two other men were killed. In the morning, those who were left went to the presidio. They were soon joined by twenty-four soldiers, who had been sent to found a mission farther up the coast. In January, help came from San Gabriel."

"Oh, yes, Anza came with them," interrupted Beth. "Aunt Julia was telling us about him."

"Get your pictures, Beth. We must be going soon." Uncle John helped her get the best views of the mission and of the valley.

Aunt Julia went to talk to the caretaker. He lives in the building which used to be an Indian school. He did not come down to show them the mission because he was old and feeble.

He told Aunt Julia he had been there for nearly forty years. He was glad to talk about the old days. He knew all about the history of the mission. He insisted that they were not California Indians who made the attack on the mission. He said they were tribes from Mexico.

"Where is Junior?" Aunt Julia asked the question from habit when they were ready to start. They found him poking around in the old kitchen.

"Look out, young man!" warned Uncle John. "Don't you know there may be scorpions and centipedes in there?"

With a yell, Junior dropped a little creature he had in his hands. But it was only a horned toad.

After dinner in San Diego, they drove to La Jolla. There they spent a pleasant afternoon about the cliffs and caves. And there they camped that night. They wanted to get an early start in the morning for Los Angeles.

"It's going to rain! It's going to rain!" cried Junior next morning. "It's all cloudy!"

"Why, Aunt Julia! I thought you said it didn't rain here in June. You aren't a very good weather

prophet." Beth's unbounded faith in her aunt was somewhat shaken.

"Don't worry. It will not rain to-day. This is fog. In a short time it will all clear away. As I told you, the coast is often foggy.

"California people like the fog. Without it, the summer mornings would be hot.

"The moisture, of course, comes from the ocean. The cool air that condenses it also comes from the ocean.

"During the day the land heats more quickly than the ocean. The warm air rises because it is lighter than cooler air. The ocean air comes in to take its place.

"So we have fog, which clears up as the day grows hotter.

"The fogs help to keep the summers cool along the coast. People say that San Francisco is cooler in summer than in winter.

"In San Diego the temperature is about the same all the year round. I have heard that the people here need a thermometer only an inch long."

That amused Beth. "Not much like Illinois," she said.

A gray ocean reflected back the gray sky.

At the top of La Jolla hill they passed a stage. It had pulled out to one side of the road.

"Anything wrong?" Uncle John asked the driver.

"No; I was only looking over my brakes. I don't take any chances on this hill."

"Beth, I have a bright idea!" Aunt Julia was quite excited. "When you make your California report, get that clever teacher of yours to make sketches of El Camino Real. They could run around the top of the blackboard like a frieze.

"First there should be a deer trail — a deer following a winding path through the wilderness.

"Next, a savage Indian, following the same path.

"Then Portola and his men — I'll tell you about him later.

"Then a Franciscan monk, traveling from mission to mission. He should be barefoot, with long gray gown and hood. Each time the path becomes more plainly marked.

"A gay Californian riding a prancing horse could be followed by a cart — "

"Oh, yes! Like the one we saw in San Diego. It must be a real road then."

"Yes, either dusty or muddy. Then the stage — the old stage-coach, I mean, drawn by horses. They used stages between Los Angeles and San Diego before the railroad came.

"Last of all, you could have the automobile stage, like the one we just passed."

"Good! and now the road is paved. Yes, I'm sure we can do it. And we could work up a little play about each picture — "

"But remember there is a big gap between the horse stage and the automobile stage. You need the

steam cars in between. The railroad almost follows El Camino Real."

They stopped at the Torrey Pines. These are trees of a rare variety. They grow naturally only at this point and on one of the Pacific Islands.

"Something more for you to take back to your class, Beth," suggested Aunt Julia. "Farther up the coast we will show you another rare tree. It is a cypress which grows only near Monterey Bay and in Palestine.

"Then there are the Sequoias — but wait until you see them. That is one of the surprises we have for you in this wonderful State."

IT IS CALLED PALM SPRINGS

"Did you know," asked a stranger who was also looking at the pines, "that palms are native to California?"

"Why, Father Serra planted the palms," protested Beth.

"Yes, I know, along the coast. But way on the other side of the San Jacinto Mountains is a place where they grow naturally. It is called Palm Springs. But

of course most of the palms you see have been brought in. There are ever so many different varieties now in the State."

"There is another El Camino Real sign," said Beth, presently.

"Yes, we follow El Camino Real to Los Angeles. There is another road we could have taken. But we thought it would be pleasant to keep close to the ocean. Did you know there are two main roads from Los Angeles to the northern part of the State, — the coast route and the valley route?"

They had nearly reached San Juan before the sun came out.

How the water sparkled! "Just like frost on the fields at home," said Beth. It was truly a wonderful sight. The water was a deep blue, sparkling under the sunlight.

At the top of a short hill they caught sight of the ruins of San Juan Capistrano Mission. They stopped to see it.

"It was built of stone, you see," said Aunt Julia. "According to an old story, an Indian was brought from Mexico to direct the work. I do not know whether the story is true or not. But it was different in design from any of the other missions. And it was decorated with Aztec, and not Christian, symbols.

"When an earthquake destroyed the building, many people were killed by the falling walls. But wait until you see the Mission Play. I mustn't spoil the play for you, by telling the story now."

"This was a great country for bandits at one time," said Uncle John.

"Junior, you know the story of Robin Hood. California, too, had its bands of outlaws. Perhaps some day you will write a story or a movie about them. Who knows?"

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

A FIELD OF CELERY

"I smell celery." Beth sniffed. "It makes me hungry."

They were again on the road.

"Yes, they raise various things to eat along here. But their chief crop is beans. California raises a good share of the beans eaten in the United States."

"Is that another ruin?" asked Junior suddenly. "Is it a mission?"

"Where?" Beth looked in every direction.

"Over there. It's a 'dobe house, isn't it?"

Uncle John laughed. "That isn't adobe. That's straw — baled straw or hay. Barley, probably. It looks dirt-colored because it has been out in the weather. Don't they bale hay where you live?"

Junior hung his head. It seemed silly for a country boy not to recognize hay.

"Never mind," said Aunt Julia. "It does look somewhat like adobe."

Later Junior saw the men baling hay, just as they do in Illinois.

"See the cattle on the hills!" Aunt Julia pointed to the feeding animals. "The grass is already beginning to look brown. No doubt the barley is for them to eat."

Soon the pastures gave place to irrigated farms. The road passed between orange groves and walnut groves.

"Stop the auto and let us get some oranges!" Junior thought the fruit was wild, because there were no fences.

Uncle John explained that there are very few fences in California. In the early days, cattle and horses ran at large on the ranges. Once a year there was a round-up, when the animals were separated according to owners, and branded. Sheep, too, needed a great deal of range for feed. They were herded. One Indian, with a pony and a few dogs, could take care of many sheep.

"Fences are a big expense and bother and not at all necessary," he said.

"But don't people steal the oranges?" protested Junior.

"Oh, no. They know the grove belongs to the rancher. You don't steal my hat because it isn't locked

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THEY PASSED WALNUT GROVES

up in a cupboard; or Beth's camera. You have been taught better."

Uncle John bought some oranges when they stopped near Santa Ana for a picnic lunch. How refreshing they were! Aunt Julia let the children have all they wanted.

"These are valencias," she said. "It is late for navel oranges — the kind you get on the Christmas tree at

home. By the way, this is Orange County. Isn't that a nice name?"

"Do all the oranges grow in Orange County?" asked Junior.

"No, indeed. They grow in many places in California — in almost any place where there is irrigation and it is not too cold. Oranges stand some frost, but not much.

Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

PICKING ORANGES

"They also grow in other warm states and in other warm countries. The countries around the Mediterranean Sea grow oranges. Italy has a climate much like that of California. The crops of Italy and of California are similar.

"Probably all the oranges you have seen grew either in California or Florida."

"And probably *all* the English walnuts you ever ate

came from California," said Uncle John. "The nuts will not be ready to harvest until fall. But you can see how many groves there are."

They passed through more walnut and orange groves near Anaheim. Then they came to the oil fields.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THEY CAME TO THE OIL FIELDS

Junior called the derricks windmills. Beth took pictures of them.

Oil is pumped out of the ground. Nature stored it there, ages ago, between layers of rock. Sometimes it is called petroleum. The word simply means rock oil. Where men think there is oil, they bore into the ground. If they strike a vein of oil, they have an oil well. There are usually many oil wells and many derricks in an oil field. The oil as it comes out of the ground is thick and black. From this crude oil, men make gas,

gasoline, kerosene, and other substances. They are separated from the crude oil by heating.

California produces a great deal of oil.

After leaving the oil fields, the travelers were soon in Los Angeles.

CHAPTER V

THE BEACH

So many things to see in Los Angeles! Where should they begin?

"Junior, where shall we go to-morrow? We will let Junior have first choice," said Uncle John, "because he is the youngest."

"To the beach," replied Junior promptly.

That suited Uncle John. It would have been his own choice.

After camping for the night at one of the numerous camping-grounds, they went to Redondo. Uncle John wanted to see a man there on business.

Aunt Julia took the children into the surf. It was great fun to play in the breakers. Hundreds of people were on the beach. All seemed to be having a good time. A few were swimming far out where the water is deep. Others were playing in the surf near the shore.

Some men were rowing a boat through the breakers. They could not row the boat far out. The waves brought it back to the shore. The game seemed to be to keep it from upsetting. About half the time the men were tipped out into the water.

Many people were playing in the sand, or just lying still, watching the beautiful water.

"Let's hunt moonstones," proposed Aunt Julia. "It is fine sport."

They walked along the shore toward Moonstone Beach. That is, Aunt Julia walked. The children were here, there, and everywhere.

The beach was strewn with kelp. Kelp is a sea plant which washes ashore with the tide. During the World War, this plant was used in making iodine. Beth wound the kelp around her and played she was a dryad.

Junior threw bits of driftwood into the water. He played they were boats. The waves brought them to shore. By and by he grew tired of running back for them.

"Why can't they come ashore ahead of us?" he demanded of Aunt Julia, almost as if she were to blame.

"The current carries them south," she explained. "A strong current crosses the ocean. When it reaches our coast, it divides. One part turns north, toward Alaska. The other, turning south, washes the California shore."

Beth enjoyed finding moonstones. Junior didn't care much for them. Pretty soon he joined a group of boys playing in the sand.

"Look! Look at the tar baby!" cried one youngster. He pointed to a curly-headed three-year-old. She was crying, but the boys could not help laughing.

She had stepped into a sticky black substance. In trying to get it off, she had smeared her hands and even her face. She made Junior think of some one caught

in sticky flypaper. He had stepped into the same thing himself and wondered what it was. He noticed it on the feet of the other boys.

A sudden idea struck him, and he jumped to his feet. "Let's play Indian!" he cried. "We can paint our faces with the stuff. We can build dandy forts in the sand."

They were in the midst of an exciting game, when Beth came to call him.

"Oh, Junior, you are a sight!" she said. "What will Aunt Julia say? We are going back to lunch now."

"Ho, I can wash that off in a minute," said Junior.

"It won't come off," said an older boy, teasingly. "Try it and see."

Junior tried to wash it off in the surf. It only smeared worse.

"What on earth is it?" Beth asked the big boy. "And what will take it off?"

"It won't come off," he repeated. "He will have to look like that until it wears off."

Then, seeing the distressed look on Beth's face, "I was joking. It is only oil. The warm water at the plunge will take it off."

"Where does it come from?"

"It is washed ashore by the waves. Some of it oozes out of the ocean bed. Then there is a big oil refinery up the coast a little way. I think some of it comes from there."

Aunt Julia called them.

"See what I have found!" She held something in her hand. She dipped it into the water before laying it in Beth's hands.

"It will not live long out of water," she said.

"Is it really alive?" asked Beth.

It was hard to believe that it was an animal. It was shaped somewhat like a summer squash. It was nearly transparent. It looked as if it might be made of gelatine. It was a jellyfish.

Junior didn't find it easy to get the oil off his face, even with warm water.

They dressed as quickly as possible, for they were hungry.

Uncle John joined them for a fish dinner. The children ate and ate.

"I didn't know fish was so good," said Beth.

"There are two reasons for that," explained Aunt Julia. "The salt air gave us all a fine appetite. Then the fish are caught here. Fish loses flavor quickly. It is never so good as when it is fresh from the water."

"I want to go fishing. Can't we, Uncle John?" asked Junior.

"Maybe the next time we come to the beach. We must see Long Beach and Santa Monica some day. Each is a city of importance. Signal Hill with its many oil derricks is an interesting sight in Long Beach. But we are going to Venice now. You and Beth can ride on the roller-coasters."

As they drove toward Venice, the sand hills hid the ocean.

"What a shame!" began Aunt Julia, who wanted to see the water. Then she laughed.

"I am as bad as Junior," she said. "He wanted to quarrel with the ocean, because the current carried his sticks in the wrong direction. And now *I* find fault with the land. I guess we'll have to take the land and ocean as we find them, Junior."

It was an exciting afternoon for the children. So much to see and so many things to do! It wasn't every day they could ride roller-coasters and merry-go-rounds.

And such a lot of people! Beth said everybody in Los Angeles must be there.

"Oh, no," Aunt Julia protested. "There are nearly a million people in Los Angeles. Most of them are busy in town. As a rule, only those who have time to play come to the beach. And think how many other places there are where Los Angeles people may play. There are the parks and the mountains, you know, besides all the other beaches."

But when they drove back to the city, Aunt Julia began to wonder. It really seemed as though all Los Angeles must be on the road. Where *did* all the automobiles come from?

"Many of the people on the road are tourists, like ourselves," said Uncle John. "California is a great automobile State. That is partly because it has so many good roads. Californians use cars for business as well as for pleasure.

"I know a man who has an office in Los Angeles.

During the summer he lives at the beach. He has a ranch near Riverside. He has mining interests at Randsburg. Occasionally his business takes him to San Francisco. He could not very well look after all his interests without a car.

"His wife has a machine for her own use; his son, another. Then they have a large touring car for pleasure trips. The family often spends the week-end at San Diego or Santa Barbara.

"At least once a year, they go on a longer trip — to Yosemite, or perhaps out of the State."

CHAPTER VI

PICTURES OF EARLY CALIFORNIA LIFE

"WHERE shall we go to-morrow?" asked Uncle John that night. "It's your turn to choose, Princess."

"To San Gabriel to see the Mission Play," answered Beth.

The drive over was very pleasant. They started early so Beth could see the old mission before time for the play to begin.

They ate a jolly picnic lunch under the pepper trees near by.

Uncle John took Junior to see the big grapevine. It was planted by the mission fathers about a hundred years ago. Its stem is larger around than a man's body.

Aunt Julia and Beth went through the mission. How cold it was inside! That is because the walls are so thick. They are made of brick and stone.

The guide showed them the heavy wooden doors. All the nails and bolts were hand-made. They came from Spain. They were brought in ships to Mexico. Other ships brought them to California.

They saw the chapel, where services are still held. The guide played sweet chords on the same little organ that the fathers used in the olden days. They saw the old kitchen. They climbed the belfry and saw the bells.

In the yard they saw a rosebush. It is about a hundred years old and probably the oldest in California.

In the early days, this mission was a very prosperous one. It was the fourth of the missions to be founded. The valley was fertile. The fields yielded abundantly. There was a large vineyard. Here were planted the first oranges.

A bell called them to the Mission Play.

This is what the children saw and heard. The play is a series of pictures of early California life:

A group of soldiers are talking on the shore of San Diego Bay. They do not like San Diego. They would like to go back to Mexico. They are hungry. Their comrades are ill. Many have died.

Every day they watch for a ship to come from Mexico with food. And every day they watch for Portola to come back from Monterey.

Father Serra is resting in the rude hut beside the bay. Probably he is praying. He hopes that the ship will come. He hopes that Portola will return. But most of all he wants to convert the Indians.

The Indians do not come near the mission. They stay far out in the hills.

Vincenzo, an Indian boy, has come with Father Serra to San Diego. Day after day he has gone to the hills to make friends with the wild Indians. Little by little he has learned to speak their language.

But the Indians will not listen to Vincenzo. They are afraid.

To-day Father Serra again sends Vincenzo to plead

with the Indians. He sends presents to them. He prays that at least one child may be brought for baptism.

The soldiers go again to look for Portola. They climb the hill so they can look far away to the North.

Portola is coming. A great cry is heard. Men are shouting and talking. The soldiers hope that Portola will bring food. Father Serra hopes that a mission has been founded at Monterey.

Portola hopes that the supply ship has come with food. His men, too, are hungry — nearly starving. They have kept alive on the return trip by eating mules.

Here they come. But what a pitiful sight! Tired, crippled, ill, in rags! Some of them cannot even walk and have to be carried by others.

How glad Portola and Father Serra are to see each other! How disappointed Father Serra is that Portola's undertaking has failed! How glad he is to hear of the great bay that was discovered in the north!

"The bay will be named for Saint Francis," he says. "It shall be called the Bay of San Francisco!"

Listen! Portola is talking.

"We must go back to Mexico. Our men are ill and starving. We could not find Monterey. You have not converted any Indians. The supply ship has not come. To-night we will all go aboard the ship. In the morning we will sail for Mexico."

Father Serra would not listen to Portola. He loved California. He loved the beautiful bay and the sunsets across Point Loma. He loved the mountains. He

loved the wild flowers. Most of all he loved the Indians. He had faith that they would come to the missions in time. He would not consent to go back to Mexico.

But look! The Indians are coming at last. Several Indians from the hills are with Vincenzo. They are bringing a child for baptism. All is excitement. Portola is to be godfather. The Indians are afraid. They snatch the baby away in terror. They run to the hills.

It is sunset. A beautiful glow is on the sky and water. Everything is still. Around the point is seen a sail. How slowly and silently — how beautifully it moves across the water!

It is the supply ship from Mexico. It is bringing food. San Diego is saved! California will not be abandoned.

The next scene is fifteen years later.

Day is breaking. The twitter of birds is heard in the trees. Within the beautiful mission of Carmel, the people gather for song and prayer. Men, women, and children come. The Indians come.

From the chapel float the strains of the morning chant. They seem to be a part of the rosy dawn, like the bird notes.

It is a great day for Monterey. The mission fathers have gathered from the missions up and down the coast. They will report to Father Serra, their president.

The morning service is over. The padres come together in the patio of the mission. They seat themselves at a table. The Indians have made the table.

They have made the benches. They have made the mission building.

One by one the fathers report. They speak of what has been done; of missions built; of Indians baptized

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

MISSION PLAYERS AT SAN GABRIEL

and taught to work; of cattle and horses and sheep; of fields tilled and orchards and vineyards planted.

Father Serra calls on the Carmel Indians to show what they have done. The Indian chief is proud to show off his people. They bring the work of their hands. They play beautiful music.

Father Serra is happy. He is an old man now. He knows he will not live long. But he is content. He feels that the years in California have been well spent.

The business is over. But the people of the mission will not go back to work. It is to be a holiday — a fiesta.

How happy they all are! How sweet is the Spanish music! And how gay the dancing!

Night falls gently. Slowly the light fades. Again the twitter of birds. The happy day is over.

In the next scene, the picture is a sad one.

It is early evening. Before the ruins of Capistrano sits an Indian caretaker. The walls are crumbled and broken.

Yet this is San Juan Capistrano — once the glory of the missions. Now it is owned by strangers. The old Indian is hired to guard the place. He carries a whip. If other Indians come, he must drive them away.

He talks with his wife about the past. They were married at Carmel on the day of the fiesta. Now the missions have been broken up. The land has been taken away. The Indians have been driven back to the hills.

A woman comes to the ruins to pray. She is a Californian. She talks of the past, of the glories of the missions.

A mournful chant is heard. A little band of Indians come to bury their dead at the mission. It is their padre they wish to bury. When the Indians were driven away from the mission, he would not leave them. He followed them to the hills. He had not enough to eat. He could not live on the acorns, as they did. He starved.

The señora lays some flowers on the padre's breast. She finds there a little gold cross. On it are many jewels. The Indians could have sold it for money to

buy food. But they were Christians. They would not steal from the Church. They were going to bury it with their padre — and starve.

The pity of it breaks her heart. But she sees that Father Serra's work has not been wasted. The missions might be broken up. The buildings might be in ruins. The Indians might lose their lands.

But what Father Serra had taught the Indians could not be taken away.

The children were very quiet as they came from the play. Aunt Julia did not want them to be sad. So she began talking of other things.

CHAPTER VII

EL CAMINO REAL

"CHILDREN, we have an interesting visitor to-day."

Miss Carls, a teacher in one of the Los Angeles schools, was speaking to her class.

"This little girl, Beth Brown, has come all the way from Illinois to see California. When she goes back to her class in the fall, she is going to make them a report of her trip. I imagine they will be studying California all winter.

"Now just what can we tell her that will be of interest?"

"What would she like most to hear about?" several of the children asked.

"About El Camino Real." Beth knew exactly what she wanted. "I am thinking of making some little plays about the road. I want to show my class how it has changed.

"Before the white people came, there was just a deer trail. If we were picturing the deer trail, what animals should be in it besides the deer?"

Bear, coyote, mountain sheep, mountain lion were suggested.

"The next scene will be a savage Indian on the trail," continued Beth. "That will be easy.

"Then the Spaniards came. I shall need a scene showing the return of Portola to San Diego."

"Why not use several Portola scenes?" asked a freckled-faced boy.

"What do you suggest?" The question came from the teacher.

EL CAMINO REAL AND SAN DIEGO MISSION

"Well, the first could show him leaving San Diego; the next, at Los Angeles; another, when he couldn't find Monterey; the discovery of San Francisco Bay; where he gets lost on the way back to San Diego; then, the return."

"All right, let's try it out now. Tom, since it is your idea, you can be Portola. Frank may be Father

Serra; Antonio and Rudolph, Rivera and Ortega; John and Herman, the two padres. The rest of you boys may be soldiers, mule-drivers, and friendly Indians. A few stay at San Diego with Father Serra. The rest go with Portola.

"You must imagine that the soldiers ride horses. The extra supplies are carried on pack-mules.

"The scene is the Bay of San Diego — that is, the shore. (Near where you saw the Serra Palm, Beth.) Portola and his party are drawn up ready to start. Now, Tom."

Portola (importantly): Men, we go to fortify the great Bay of Monterey. (Kneeling.) Father Junipero, your blessing.

Serra: Go in peace, my son. Be sure to found a mission at Monterey. May you convert many Gentiles.

Portola: Ready, men? Forward! March!

"Very good," said Miss Carls. "Now for the next scene. This time the location is near the Los Angeles River."

Portola: But what shall yonder Indian village be named?

Father Crespi: We will call it "Our Lady the Queen of the Angels." (Aside. You see, "Los Angeles" is Spanish for "The Angels.")

"Now you are above Monterey Bay," prompted the teacher.

Portola: Vizcaino must have been dreaming. There is no bay here. I don't believe there ever was a bay.

Rivera: Perhaps it has filled up with sand. Our men are worn out and ill. Perhaps we had better go back.

Portola: Never! "Orders is orders." We will go on.

(Ortega and soldiers are overlooking San Francisco Bay.)

Ortega: What noble bay is that I see?

Soldier: Perhaps it is the bay that Drake discovered.

Ortega: I will report. (Returning and saluting Portola.) Sir, I have found a bay.

Portola: It cannot be Monterey. It may be the Bay of San Francisco. (Aside. He meant Drake's Bay.) We will return to San Diego.

Ortega: The men are starving, sir.

Portola: Let them eat the mules.

"We need some Indians here," said Tom. "This is the scene near Pasadena."

"The girls may be Indians."

(The Indians sit in council. The soldiers are limping and leaning on each other.)

Portola: Men, have courage. We are still lost, but we cannot be far from the trail.

Father Crespi: Here is an Indian village. Let us talk with the Gentiles. Maybe they will show us the way.

(All talk by signs. The Indians give the soldiers

food. The officers and the Indian chief smoke the peace pipe.)

"San Diego again."

The children repeated briefly the scene from the Mission Play. Portola reports to Father Serra that the Bay of Monterey could not be found.

"That's just fine," said Beth. "I didn't know before how Los Angeles was named. How did California get *its* name?"

"Tell us, Frances, please," said Miss Carls.

"Nobody knows exactly. We know the name was on the early Spanish maps. Lower California and the coast to the north of that was called 'the Californias.' For many years, 'the Californias' were supposed to be islands, or one island.

"There was a book which was very popular in Spain. In it there was an island called California. It was a wonderfully rich island. Perhaps the Spanish explorers thought they had found that island. They did find valuable pearls along the Gulf of California."

"Thank you, Frances," said Miss Carls. "Any more questions, Beth, before we go on?"

"Just one. There *was* a mission at Monterey, wasn't there?"

"Yes, the next spring Father Serra and Portola together went to Monterey. A mission and a fort were built there. Later, a new mission site was chosen. That was the Carmel of the Mission Play."

"May we go on with the game?" asked Beth. "I can manage a scene showing Father Serra on the trail. But I don't know how to picture the other changes in the road. We must have a Spanish cart, used in the early days. Then an old-fashioned stage-coach, with four horses running. And a railroad train. And last, an automobile traveling over a paved highway."

Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

A SPANISH CART, USED IN THE EARLY DAYS

"Well," said Miss Carls, "instead of playing the other four scenes, let's make word pictures of them. That will be easier.

"A cart is passing along El Camino Real. A man rides on horseback before the cart. Who is he? Where is he going?"

The children thought a minute. The teacher called on a black-eyed girl.

Gertrude: "It is early morning in September. The birds are singing. The road is deep with dust. A grandmother and two small children are in the cart. An Indian is driving. The man dressed so gayly is the children's father. He is riding a fine horse. These people live on a ranch. They are on their way to Los Angeles. Los Angeles is just a small town. But they

will find many people there. They will come from the ranches all around; and from other towns.

"The town will be gay with flags — the Mexican flag. It is a Mexican holiday. California still belongs to Mexico. (It is about 1840.) There will be a big barbecue. There will be a bull-fight. There will be horse-races and roping contests. There will be Indian dances

Courtesy of Museum of History, Science, and Art

LOS ANGELES IS JUST A SMALL TOWN (1840)

and Mexican dances. There will be a few Americans there — not many."

The children clapped as Gertrude sat down.

The next picture was the stage-coach.

James: "It is during the Civil War. My coach will carry mail from San Diego to Los Angeles. In it are several passengers. One man has money. He has sold horses to Uncle Sam. At the foot of the hill, men are hiding. They are hidden by the brush and trees.

They are Mexican bandits who are going to hold up the stage.

"But they will not get the mail or the money. The driver is armed. Beside him rides an armed guard. The men in the coach are armed. There will be a battle. The bandit leader will be killed."

"Quite dramatic," said Aunt Julia.

"Lulu, will you give the railway train?" asked Miss Carls. "Remember you are still near El Camino Real."

Lulu: "It is in the eighties. Los Angeles has grown to be a big town. On the train are some Eastern men. They have lots of money. They have been sent West by the doctors. They have been spending the winter on the coast."

Just then the closing bell rang.

"Never mind," said Beth. "My last picture will be tourists driving along the coast. You see, my plan is to ask my teacher to draw sketches on the blackboard. Then we will make up a game or a story for each picture."

CHAPTER VIII

OUTDOOR LIFE

While Aunt Julia and Beth were visiting the school, Junior and Uncle John were watching the auto races at the Speedway. A tiny girl next to Junior wanted to play with him. She pulled off his cap and threw it away.

"Why, if it isn't the tar baby! Where did you come from?" Junior had to explain what he meant. They all had a good laugh about it. And they laughed just as hard when Junior told them about his own experience with the oil.

The new friends were San Francisco people. Their name was Hays. The father was a mining man. Besides the baby, whom they called Sally, there were two other children. Gordon was about thirteen — fat and freckled. His nickname was Spud. Amelia was two years older. They were all pleasant and jolly. By the time the afternoon was over, Junior and Uncle John felt as if they had known them always.

The two families had supper together. Beth and Amelia were not long in getting acquainted. Amelia was a woodcraft girl. She was proud of being a native daughter. She thought all Californians ought to be athletic.

"You must let me take Beth on hikes and teach her to swim," she said to Aunt Julia earnestly. "She won't find all of California in books and Mission Plays. California means outdoor life. The California Indians lived almost entirely out of doors. Sometimes they did not even build wigwams, but lived under trees. The Spanish Californians lived in the open — in the porches, the courts, the plazas; in the saddle.

"Spud and I are both woodcrafters. May the children go with us to the council ring next Saturday?"

"May I go, too?" asked Aunt Julia. "I know so little about it. Would you like to go, Mrs. Hays?"

Mrs. Hays agreed. She was proud of Amelia, who had won many honors in woodcraft, especially in swimming and archery.

"Have you read *Two Little Savages?*" Gordon asked Junior. "It's a dandy book, written by Mr. Seton, himself." (Mr. Seton is the woodcraft leader.) "Let's read it before Saturday. I'll enjoy reading it again."

Anything that Spud suggested pleased Junior. He thought Spud perfect. It was the first time Junior had chummed with an older boy. He found Gordon sweet-tempered and full of fun. Although fat, he was not lazy. He was original and tireless in games and fun.

Mrs. Hays drove them to the council ring in Griffith Park. In a canyon in the park, a flat ring had been cleared and leveled. At one side was the council rock. The children were seated around the circle. A pile of sticks was laid in the center ready for lighting.

Although a visitor, Amelia was eagerly welcomed

The Los Angeles children knew she had a high record in woodcraft. As a special honor, she was permitted to light the fire, in true Indian fashion.

Even Junior and Beth were allowed to take part in the contests. Junior was a rooster. With his left hand grasping a foot, and with the other hand behind him, he tried to push his opponent over with his shoulder. It had looked easy when he had watched the others. But he was soon laid in the dust and the other rooster crowed over his defeat.

Beth was a cat on the back fence. She, too, was defeated; for her opponent was an old hand at the game. The two girls, well matched in size, stood on a "two-by four" stretched between two chairs. With one hand behind her, each "cat" tried to drive the other from the fence. The only weapon permitted was the palm of the hand. If you think it was easy to balance on that fence, try it.

Both games were almost as much fun for those looking on as for the contestants.

Woodcraft teaches children to make their own fun. Perhaps that was why Gordon was so good at games.

One of the games he and Junior played at the beach (they all went to the beach several times) was the attack on Captain Gillespi.

Gordon let Junior be Captain Gillespi, while he led the attacking party. It was easy to find a dozen boys at the beach to get into the game. Captain Gillespi had been left in charge of Los Angeles. It was while the Mexican War was on. The American flag had

been raised at Monterey. Commodore Stockton, with a force of sailors and marines, had landed at San Pedro. He had taken Los Angeles without any fighting.

It seemed safe to leave the town with a garrison of only fifty men. Captain Gillespi was put in command. Stockton went back to San Francisco. September 15th is a Mexican holiday. On that day a fiesta was held at the plaza. Soon afterward, the American garrison was attacked. Captain Gillespi fled with his men to the hill back of the Plaza Church.

This is where the game took up the action.

The boys under Captain Junior worked frantically to build a fort on the top of a sand hill. As they had run to the hill, they had seized three cannon (sticks of driftwood). With the guns they prepared to defend their positions. They made ammunition.

But the attacking party was strong. How long could they hold out? And what would happen when the supplies gave out?

One boy with a stick for a horse played Juan Flaco. He offered to go to San Francisco for help. Captain Junior gave him slips of paper. On each was written, "Believe the bearer." The messenger rolled them up and tucked them into his hair. He made his way through the Californians. The enemy chased him and tried to shoot him. They killed his horse, but he got away.

The Americans waited for help to come. The Californians told them that if they would give up, they might go safely to San Pedro. There they could get

away on a ship. So they gave up and marched slowly to the beach.

Gordon told them how Captain Gillespi's ship met help coming. So they all came back and had a battle with the Californians. The Americans were defeated. They played other battles between the American soldiers and the Los Angeles people. At the end of the fighting, they came together and signed a treaty. That was the Treaty of Cahuenga, by which the Californians gave up to the Americans. The Mexican War was not over, but California was now a part of the United States.

One day the boys played the Indian attack on the San Diego Mission. Gordon had not been to San Diego. So Junior managed the game. He was very proud. How glad he was that Uncle John had told him the story!

While the boys were playing their games, Beth was patiently learning to swim. Amelia was a splendid teacher. She liked Beth very much. Beth enjoyed the hikes with Amelia. Usually the boys went along. Sometimes there was a crowd of youngsters — woodcraft friends.

It was great sport to build a camp-fire and fry bacon or roast wieners. Gordon saw that the fires were carefully put out. Amelia explained to Beth how dangerous it is to leave a bit of fire. A sudden puff of wind may fan the embers into a blaze. When grass and underbrush are dry, a little blaze may cause a forest fire.

It surprised Beth to see the boys take charge of the

camp cooking. She had not been used to seeing men or boys cook.

One day Junior got lost. Beth was nearly ill from fright before they found him. Amelia took charge of the search. It was Gordon who finally located him — where, do you suppose? Where they had camped for lunch, and fast asleep. While they were busy packing up after lunch, he had gone on a little hike of his own. They had started on without missing him.

"It was my fault," said Gordon. "You depended on me to look after him."

"No," protested Beth generously, "you had the fire to look after. Besides, you didn't know about his always getting lost."

"It seems to me," said Amelia, "that it is time Junior quit being a baby. He needs a little training in looking after himself."

Junior looked ashamed, and Amelia hastened to add: "He really did the right thing in waiting for us here. If he had tried to follow us, he might have been hopelessly lost."

"Couldn't he have tracked us?" asked one of the boys.

"Not very well, because he hasn't learned how. His mistake was in leaving camp without telling any one. We can't take him again, unless he agrees to a few simple rules."

This was a new experience for Junior. From the time they were babies, Beth had always "looked after" him and hunted him when he was lost. Getting lost

didn't worry him at all. But to be left out of the fun — especially when Spud would be going! He quickly promised to do whatever he was told.

"One rule at a time," said Amelia. "To begin with, do not get out of sight or hearing of the rest of us."

Uncle John agreed that Amelia was right. "You are a very sensible girl," he said, when they told him the story. "I am sure that Junior will learn."

And he did. He didn't learn all at once, of course. But it was a long time before he got lost again.

SEALS AT CATALINA

CHAPTER IX

CATALINA

"'On the road to Mandalay — where the flying fishes play,'" chanted Gordon.

They were on their way to Catalina. Beth was getting a real thrill from her first ocean trip, as well as many pictures. Junior was counting the flying fish.

"Whoop! Look at that one!" he cried. "I bet it jumped a mile!"

There had been something to see every minute since they had reached the harbor. They had gone aboard the Avalon at Wilmington. (The Avalon is much larger than the ferryboat at San Diego.) Many other boats were in the harbor. Some were passenger boats, but there were more freight steamers. Several of these were from our eastern coast. One was from a South American port, and one flew the British colors. Along the wharves on both sides of the harbor, ships were unloading their cargoes. The big cranes quickly lifted their heavy loads from the ships to the dock. Freight trains beside the docks were being loaded with the lumber.

Mrs. Hays explained that a great deal of oil is shipped from the harbor.

A few years ago, Uncle Sam helped Los Angeles to deepen this harbor. It is protected by a long breakwater. Beth got a good picture of the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater.

Now they were out of the harbor and on the real ocean. Yet the sea was not very rough. Junior liked the motion of the ship. He said it was like the motion of the horses on the merry-go-round.

They saw the flying fish again when they were out in the glass-bottomed boat that evening. A searchlight from the upper deck played on the water. Hundreds of fish leaped to the light. Beth and Junior could see the submarine gardens. They could look down through the glass bottom of the boat. Strong lamps from the boat lighted the bottom of the ocean. It was a wonderful sight. Queer-looking plants raised their ghostly

arms almost to the surface of the water. Fish of all sizes cut the water or skulked beneath the foliage of the sea plants.

"Do you wonder at the old stories of mermaids?" asked Amelia. "Can't you imagine old Neptune hid-

LOS ANGELES HARBOR

ing in some grotto down there? I hope he won't come out and blow up a storm."

Beth shivered.

"I'll tell you what *I* see down there," said Gordon. "Boxes of treasure. Pirates' gold. Maybe a pirate ship was sunk right here."

"Probably not this side of the island," said Uncle John. "It is sheltered here from the storm. But quite possibly on the other side. Pirate ships some-

times disappeared. Very likely they were wrecked by storms.

"I remember reading of one galleon shipwrecked along the California coast. Two men were drowned and most of the supplies were lost. The rest of the crew reached Mexico in a small open sailboat."

"Amelia," said Beth, when they were going to bed, "I couldn't get all the pirate talk straight to-night. What were the galleons?"

"They were Spanish ships carrying merchandise. One galleon a year sailed between the Philippines and Mexico. It was usually loaded with treasure. It was often attacked by pirate ships. That was before the Spaniards had settled Upper California. There was nothing to hinder the pirate ships. One could lie in wait along the California coast, like a spider watching for a fly.

"That was one of the reasons why Spain wanted to settle California. She especially wanted a fort at Monterey. The wind and ocean currents carried the galleon from the Philippines direct to the California coast."

"And then the current carried them south to Mexico," interrupted Beth. "I begin to see. But where did the pirate ships come from?"

"I suppose a really and truly pirate ship hasn't any country. But most of these were British ships. Spain and England were old enemies. A good deal of the time they were at war. This gave the British ships a sort of excuse for attacking the Spanish galleons."

Next morning the children could hardly wait for breakfast. How they did eat! It was a beautiful day and the air was cool and bracing.

"Are we going around the island or just to the isthmus?" asked Gordon.

"They say it was pretty rough yesterday on the ocean side," said Uncle John. "I vote for the isthmus trip." The others agreed.

Catalina is really a mountain peak. It looks much like any southern California mountain. Near the northwestern end, it is nearly cut in two by the water. A boat makes daily trips to this point.

Junior was still interested in the flying fish. Beth saw the first seal. She had to be told what it was. (The next day they went to Seal Rocks and saw great numbers of the queer animals.)

They had found Avalon quite a busy little bay. Airplanes and speed boats furnished excitement. Boats were coming and going. At the end of one pier, a fishing boat landed its catch. A great many fish are caught at Catalina.

A chowder and fish dinner awaited them at the isthmus. But first they crossed the isthmus to the little bay on the ocean side, to see the Chinese junk. A guide took them over the boat. He told them a little of its history. They looked up, up, at the tall masts. They looked at the big, old anchor; at the strong timbers. Yes, it had been a big, strong ship. It had taken part in many battles. It had been a part of history — of Chinese, not American, history.

"It belongs to a past age," said Mr. Hays. "It takes steam to run the world these days."

"Or electricity," said Uncle John. "Or radio."

The children looked at the queer carvings on the ship.

"What funny people the Chinese are!" said Gordon.

Courtesy of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

BEAUTIFUL AVALON BAY

"All people who are different are 'funny,'" his father reminded him. "That is the way they feel about us, no doubt. Of course we like our own ways best, and others seem queer."

"I am glad that California is ours. It might so easily have belonged to China," said Gordon thoughtfully.

"What makes you think so?" asked Uncle John.

"It is believed that the Chinese visited this coast in very early times," explained Mr. Hays. "It must have been many hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America."

"But how could they get here?" asked Beth.

"In boats, of course. The winds and ocean currents may have carried them out of their way, just as they did a thousand years later. Anza saw a wreck at Monterey, which probably came from across the ocean. About a hundred years ago, a Japanese junk was found near Santa Barbara.

"Anyway, there is considerable evidence that the Chinese were here. Coins and implements have been found. Chinese writings tell of a country called Fusang. This was probably Mexico or California."

"Well, I don't see what difference it makes," said Aunt Julia. "If they did know about California, they seem not to have wanted it. Let's go to dinner."

Before they left the junk, Beth got a picture with Sally at one of the guns.

"Look at that!" cried Gordon. (They were on the way back to Avalon.) "I've surely seen that in the movies."

In a little cove of the island, cocoanut palms had been planted. A number of huts had been built of the South Sea Island type.

"Yes," said his mother, "I think you are right. I understand that many of the South Sea Island pictures are taken in Catalina. Probably some Beth will visit this spot a hundred years from now. She will think

she has made a great discovery — that the natives of Catalina were little brown people, instead of Indians."

Beth looked puzzled.

"No danger," Uncle John assured her. "Mrs. Hays is teasing. In the first place, the record of present times is preserved in books. If they are not still making movies a hundred years from now, people will know all about them from the records. They will know all about the California and the Catalina of to-day. And they will know more about the old California than we do.

"All that we learn about prehistoric times goes into the printed records. Every generation will add to it."

"How can they learn anything we don't know?" asked Gordon. "Do the Indians know things they haven't told the white people?"

"I dare say we might learn much from the Indians. But the California Indians had no written language. And we do not know how much to believe of their legends. I was thinking rather of ruined cities, cliff dwellings and temples, monuments, inscriptions, tools and implements, bones."

"In California?" eagerly.

"Well, not the ruins and inscriptions, perhaps," replied Uncle John. "But I suppose you know about the La Brea pits?"

"Not much."

"You know how much oil there is around Los

Angeles? Beth, you and Junior listen to this. When Mother Nature packed oil in the rock layers of California, she left some of it close to the surface. In some pits of this oil, near Los Angeles, bones were found of animals different from any now living.

"Naturally, the University people became interested. They began digging. They found a number of bones. Some were of immense size. Men who understood skeletons began putting them together.

"They found the bones of many, many different animals. When we get back to Los Angeles, we will go to the museum at Exposition Park, and see some of the skeletons. Some of the animals must have lived thousands and thousands of years ago."

"How do they know that?" asked Gordon.

"Oh, animals like these had been found before in other places. Scientists know about what time the different extinct animals lived.

"Largest of all was the imperial elephant. But there were many other kinds — lions and tigers, bears and wolves, oxen and horses, extinct types. Long before white people came to the new world — perhaps before there were men at all in America — these animals roamed over California. Yet here they were — caught like flies in sticky flypaper."

"Or like Sally in the oil," interrupted Junior.

"And were there no people at all found in the pits?" asked Gordon.

"Yes, the skull of a woman and a few other human

bones. But there were also the bones of some modern animals. No one seems sure whether the woman lived at the time of the prehistoric animals, or fell into the pit later."

"I am going to find out," said Gordon. "Gol-lee! If people lived here that long ago — "

"You see, we have a great deal to learn about California. And any day things may be found — a skull or a ruin — that will help to clear things up. We have only to go over into Mexico to find buried cities; only into Arizona for other ruins. You read about the skeletons found in Grand Canyon. The whole Southwest is full of material. They say you can't dig in Catalina or the other Channel Islands without finding relics of the past.

"Living in San Francisco, you ought to know about the shell heaps — "

"No. What are they?"

"Piles of shells left by primitive peoples who lived on shellfish."

But here they were back at Avalon.

Gordon's head was in a whirl. He had been greatly excited over the King "Tut" excavations. He had not dreamed that just as interesting things were right at hand. Was it possible that Uncle John was right? That a world of mystery and adventure lay all about him?

"I am going to find out," he told himself again.

"I am going to find out," he repeated, when they looked at the La Brea exhibit at Exposition Park.

There lay the little old skull of the woman. Who was she? When did she live?

How came she in the pit with all these big animals? And how did they all get in?

"All right," said his father. "Some one will find out. It might as well be Gordon Hays."

"It will be," said Gordon. "Don't worry. When I am a man —"

"You needn't wait until you are a man. Begin now. Find out all the books and schools can tell you. You are starting high school in the fall. Your science teacher will help. In the University you will learn more. Then you will have some foundation with which to work."

Mr. Hays knew that California schools are glad to teach children about their own State. Gordon had already learned in school some of the ways that California serves the rest of the world.

He knew that many people have found health in California. He knew that many, many old people have added happiness to their lives by coming to a mild climate. He knew that beaches and mountains and the national parks furnish a playground for people in need of rest and recreation. He knew about the pioneers and the later settlers who found homes in the State. He knew how California helps feed America; how it furnishes oil for fuel; cotton for clothing and for automobile tires; copper and silver and gold.

But here was a new idea. Were there in California

stories of the distant past, waiting to be dug out of the ground like King "Tut's" tomb?

Would a California boy help to clear up the mysteries of the past?

And would he, Gordon Hays, be the one to render such a service to the world?

CHAPTER X

AROUND LOS ANGELES

"Oh, Aunt Julia, let me go with Uncle John," pleaded Junior. "I won't be any bother. I won't get lost."

Uncle John was going with Mr. Hays and Gordon on a trip to Randsburg. They were going to look at a mine. Junior didn't want to be left behind. He was almost crying.

"I never saw a gold mine. Please let me go."

"I'll look after him," promised Gordon. He was glad to have another boy along — even a little boy. They could have lots of fun together.

"The rest of you come along as far as San Fernando," urged Mr. Hays. "I know the girls want to see the mission."

It was a happy suggestion. They spent the day getting ready. Uncle John's car, which was to make the longer trip to the mine, was thoroughly overhauled. A generous lunch was packed. They were taking the camping outfit, too, for they would be gone at least two nights. They would make coffee on the road and cook regular meals.

They started early in the morning. The high fog hid the sun, making the air cool and pleasant. On the

mountains the fog hung in streamers like bits of fleecy cloud.

The two cars kept close together, following the line of the railroad to San Fernando. There they parted, the Hays' car turning back to the mission.

When they came from the mission, they found that the sun had come out. It was decidedly hot.

"It feels just like the desert." Beth felt the hot wind on her cheek as they drove back toward Hollywood.

San Fernando is in a beautiful valley, which is completely shut in by mountains. To the left, the higher range lay blue against the sky, softened by a haze. Yet how close it looked. At the right, the hills were lower. Those farther back were well covered with trees. The closer hills looked brown with the heat of summer and suggested the desert.

But as far back as they could see, the valley was broken up into cultivated ranches. Vineyards and groves of walnuts, lemons, or oranges, extended on both sides of the road. There were also barley and alfalfa fields and cattle and chickens.

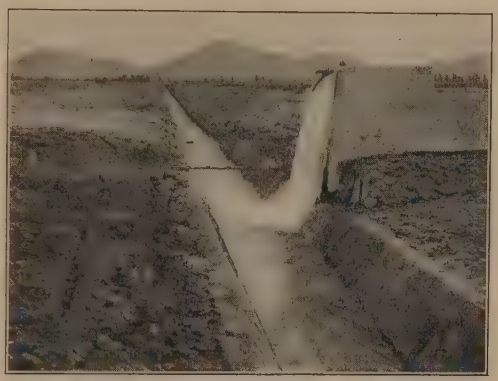
"This looks almost like Illinois," said Beth, as they passed a chicken ranch.

"But this doesn't," said Aunt Julia. A field beside the road was being irrigated. The water was filling the shallow furrows which crossed the field, but they could not see where it came from. There seemed to be no open ditches, as they had seen in other places. They decided it was piped underground.

Farther down the valley, the ranches became still

more attractive. For miles the road was bordered with trees. There were more evergreen trees than anything else. How green they looked! And there were young palm trees, with roses set between. The roses were in full bloom.

The girls cried out with pleasure. Of course Beth had to stop for a picture. It was a scene worth remembering. The hills were gradually closing in.



AN OPEN IRRIGATION DITCH

"One of California's most fertile valleys," said Mrs. Hays. "Without the mountains, there would be no water; without the water, barren desert. Now it is a garden."

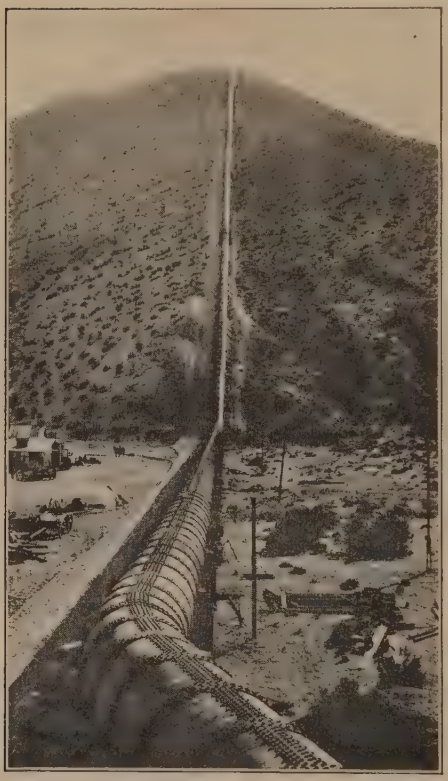
"But I thought that the water had to come clear from the High Sierras," said Amelia. "That's what they teach us in school; that they had to go 'way, 'way north and bring the Owens River to San Fernando."

"So they did. There wasn't enough water in the valley for irrigation and for the use of the city, too. As Los Angeles grew, they found they would have to rob the ranches in order to keep up with the needs of the city.

"As you know, a large city takes lots of water. So they looked around for a supply. They did have to go to High Sierras."

"Tell me about it." Beth always wanted to get to the bottom of everything.

"Amelia can tell you. I am going to be busy driving."



THE PIPE WAS LAID DOWN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN — JAWBONE SYPHON

Amelia told Beth what she knew about the aqueduct. Aqueduct means water-carrier. It is usually a pipe or a flume.

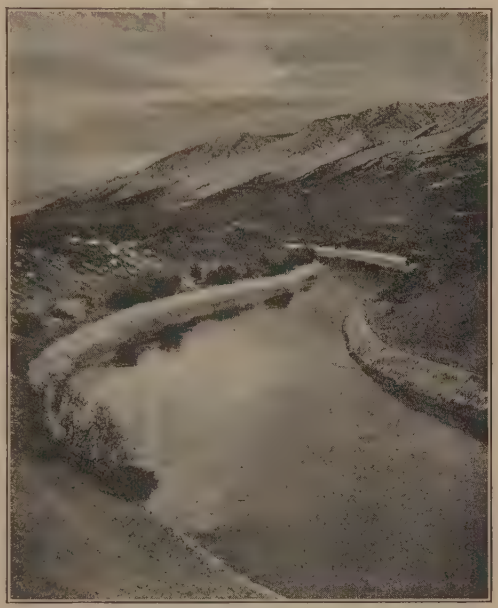
The Owens River water is carried for more than two hundred and fifty miles to the reservoir at San Fernando. It is carried in ditches and in big pipes. It took nearly five years to build the aqueduct. In many places, trestles had to be built to carry the pipe across gulleys and ravines. In other places, the pipe was laid down the side of a mountain. There were dams to be constructed. The greatest work of all was to tunnel the mountains. One tunnel is more than five miles long.

The pipes are made of strong steel plates riveted together. Some of these pipes are so large that two men could stand inside, one on the other's shoulders.

A large water main leads from the reservoir to Los Angeles. From the main, the water is distributed to the city. A part of the San Fernando Valley is in the city limits. So they have the use of the water for irrigation.

"Here's Universal City," said Mrs. Hays. "Let's stop for lunch. I'm sure the girls are hungry."

"I's hungry," piped up Sally. The others laughed. She had been eating cookies all the way from the mission.



AQUEDUCT — OPEN DITCH

They went to the cafeteria.

"Look!" whispered Amelia. She was amused at Beth's amazement, as a group of people came in to lunch. The ladies were in riding costume. Their faces were painted — even to the eyelids. One of the men seemed to be an Arab, but Beth noticed that he spoke good English.

"Movie people," said Aunt Julia in a low voice. "Won't Junior be jealous when you tell him you have seen real, live actors eating dinner?"

Soon others came in. They seemed to be having a

good time, but looked as if they had been working hard.

"There are many movie studios about Hollywood and Los Angeles," explained Mrs. Hays. "I have heard that there are about forty different companies near Hollywood and perhaps a hundred in southern California.

"You see, it is a good place to take pictures. The air is so clear and there are so many sunny days. Then they can work all the year round. There is a great variety of scenery near — mountain and desert and ocean. Many pictures are filmed at Catalina. And there are beautiful homes, big buildings, wide streets, and beautiful parks and university grounds, if they want city scenes."

Another surprise waited Beth on the way back to Hollywood. Near Universal City, the mountains had entirely closed in on the valley. Was there a way out? Yes, the road led them safely through the mountains. The hills to the right were now close to the road. They were still green with trees, but were sharp and broken by arroyos.

Perched on the steep hillsides were Indian wigwams. They looked small and were a dazzling white. Other wigwams were under the trees in the arroyo. Some of the Indians sat outside. A sign by the roadside read, "Covered Wagon Indian Village."

"That's that picture on at the Egyptian Theatre," said Amelia. "Don't you remember some one told us they have real Indians on the stage? Let's go to see it."

"I think we ought to wait until the boys get back," said Beth, thoughtful, as usual. "Junior would never get over it if we went without him. I suppose Spud would feel the same."

"That's only fair," agreed Mrs. Hays. "The boys ought not to miss a picture like that. Besides, we probably couldn't get tickets for to-day at this hour."

INDIANS

The next day was spent at Riverside. Mrs. Hays had been to the Mission Inn before. She wanted the others to see what an interesting hotel it was. She took them up to the lookout of the inn. A wonderful view was spread before them — another beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains; a valley of ranches and groves and cities.

"This is all irrigated land," Aunt Julia told Beth. "Before water was developed, it was desert. That is true, too, of all the ranch land we passed through this morning. Over there lies San Bernardino; and there, Redlands. They are also in the midst of walnut and orange groves — all irrigated."

"Aren't you taking a picture, Beth?" asked Amelia.

Beth started. She had been in deep thought — trying to picture the valley without water.

"I was wondering how I could make my class understand," she said. "At home we are used to good crops — they don't seem any miracle at all."

"But *you* can understand the miracle," said Aunt Julia, "because you crossed the desert and know what it is like. Don't worry about your class. They will be interested in irrigation. Children always like to hear about things that are different.

"Yesterday you got some good pictures of fields actually being irrigated. You can explain where the water comes from. The rain and melted snow from the mountains flow down to the valley in streams. Sometimes the water can be ditched or piped directly from the streams to the fields. Often it is stored in reservoirs, to be used as needed. A portion sinks below the surface of the ground. This can be reached by boring wells. Then the water can be pumped and distributed to the fields."

"Don't forget to remind your class that the crops are different," said Amelia. "With all your rain, you can't raise oranges and lemons and English walnuts in Illinois."

But Beth was still thoughtful. Wasn't there some way she could make her class understand what she felt — the change from the old to the new California? She must work out some plan.

They wandered through the galleries and corridors

of the inn. It is like a museum. To these walls have been brought old pictures and curios from all over the world. Many relics from the missions have been gathered here. In one court they found many bells — big bells and little bells, each with a history.

In the curio store, Aunt Julia bought moccasins and beads to take home.

WHERE EASTER SERVICES ARE HELD—MOUNT RUBIDOUX

Driving about the city, they saw many beautiful churches and school buildings. Before leaving for Los Angeles, they drove up Mount Rubidoux, where Easter services are held each year. Beth promised not to be frightened, as she was at Grossmont.

Next day the wanderers returned.

"I have been down in a real gold mine," boasted Junior. "It belongs to Mr. Hays."

"Did you have a good trip?" asked Aunt Julia.

"Oh, it was hot crossing the desert, but we had a good time." (They had crossed the Mohave Desert.)

"We talked with a man who owns a borax mine near Death Valley," Gordon told them.

"Is Death Valley near Randsburg?"

"Well, it isn't far, but there is a mountain range between."

"What is Death Valley?" asked Beth. "It sounds spooky."

"You would think so, if you had ever been there."

"How do you know so much? You weren't there, were you?"

"Oh, I have heard a lot about Death Valley. And I have read a book by a man who crossed it. His name was Manly."

Death Valley is a long valley near the Nevada State line. It is not like the irrigated valleys near Los Angeles. It is below sea level, alkaline, very hot, and almost without water. In the early days, many emigrants and prospectors lost their lives trying to cross it.

Manly was with a party of emigrants from Wisconsin. There were several families. They lost their way and tried to enter California by crossing Death Valley. They did not dare to try to cross the trackless waste with the women and children. So they camped near a spring.

Manly with another man started out to find water and a way across. It was several days before they found water — across the valley and over a mountain

ridge. There they found a settler who furnished them with horses and supplies. So they went back and rescued the others.

In later years, Death Valley became famous for its borax mines.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THE BEAUTIFUL STATE UNIVERSITY — LOS ANGELES

Two days were spent in sight-seeing in Los Angeles.

Uncle John and Aunt Julia had many surprises for the children. There were the ostrich farm and the lion farm.

Beth had never seen so many flowers in all her life.

Aunt Julia pointed out the beautiful State University. Beth decided immediately that was where she wished to go when she had finished high school.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THERE WAS THE LION FARM

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THE OSTRICH FARM

"Ho! I'm not going to college," said Junior. "When I am a man, I am going to run a fruit-stand by the roadside. You can come and buy oranges of me, Beth."

The next day they all went to the top of Mount Lowe. When they were on the inclined railway, Junior said it was like going up in the airplane. The whole city and plain opened up before them. They could see clear to the ocean. They could even see the peaks of Catalina.

Courtesy of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

THE LATEST ARRIVAL

From the top of the incline, the street-car track seemed all curves. As they wound back and forth — always up and up — they looked down into beautiful canyons. After leaving the street-car (at Alpine Tavern) they hiked to the summit. It was a long hot walk, but the wonderful views from the top repaid them.

Before returning to the city, the children took the ride in the donkey car. Beth snapped a picture of the little animal pushing the car on the narrow track.

One last day in Los Angeles and then the sightseers would start north.

Mrs. Hays had secured tickets for "The Covered Wagon." The boys had seen the advertising posters and the girls told them about seeing the wigwam. So they were very much excited.

Sally's mother tried to tell her about the Indians, so she would not be frightened. After all, they didn't look very dangerous, in spite of their paint and feathers.

Courtesy of Pacific Electric Company

VIEW FROM MOUNT LOWE

Perhaps that was because there were women and children as well as men.

Sally's eyes were on the little Indians. But the other children listened eagerly to the introductions. Each Indian had a history. One old warrior had taken part in the fight with Custer. Later he had been a scout for the Government. Another Indian talked

in Indian sign language, while a white man explained to the audience what the signs meant.

One man and one woman were white. Both had been captured when they were babies and had been brought up by the Indians.

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures — "The Covered Wagon"

WHEN THE WAGONS FORDED THE RIVER

After the Indians, there was a pageant of the emigrants with their covered wagons. And then the picture.

The picture tells the story of a party of emigrants on their way to Oregon.

The grown people were interested and amused in watching the children. Sally soon went to sleep. Beth sat with wide eyes, hardly seeming to breathe.

She would never forget the rough dress of the men; the quaint clothes of the children; the queer-looking oxen, drawing the wagons. She absorbed pictures of life along the road and of gold mining in California. She was glad that part of the wagons went to California and not all of them to Oregon.

Junior, on the other hand, was hardly still a minute. When the wagons forded the river, he couldn't keep in

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures — "The Covered Wagon"

PART OF THE WAGONS WENT TO CALIFORNIA — NOT ALL TO OREGON

his seat. The wagons were floating. The horses and oxen were swimming. Sometimes only their noses could be seen out of the water.

When the Indians attacked the wagon train, he stood up and yelled. How he longed for a gun, so he could fight, too! How he wished he were Jed and could sneak through the Indians' lines and go for help!

Gordon's interest was chiefly with the hero. He was

old enough to thrill to every act of courage. What brave men those pioneers were!

Amelia was thinking the same about the women. Did women always follow their men through hardships and danger? She was prouder than ever of being a Westerner.

All of the children caught something of the brave spirit of the emigrants — the spirit that made the West.

The two families planned going to San Francisco together. But first they would see the big trees and Yosemite Park.

At the last minute Mr. Hays was delayed in Los Angeles on business. Uncle John and Aunt Julia decided to go on to Santa Barbara and wait for them there. Santa Barbara is only a few hours' drive from Los Angeles and they had many friends there.

"Suppose we go by Ramona's home," suggested Aunt Julia. "I want Beth to see it. Let Amelia come with us. There is plenty of room."

When Aunt Julia was a girl, nearly every one read *Ramona*. The book was written by Helen Hunt Jackson, who wanted to help the Indians. She had seen how the Indians suffered as they moved about from place to place, after their land had been bought from the Government by the white settlers. Some of the white people did not seem to understand that the Indians loved their homes and did not want to be moved. So Mrs. Jackson wrote the book to make the other people understand.

Amelia, too, knew the story. It is about an Indian

girl, who grew up in a California home. She lived like a white girl and did not know of her Indian blood until she was a young lady. Then she married an Indian boy, named Alessandro.

Alessandro belonged to a little group of Indians who had been driven away from their home. He and Ramona were happy for a little time, but most of the story is very sad.

Mrs. Jackson made the story so real that it seems a part of California history. People still go to see the ranch where Ramona spent her girlhood. The wild mustard still blooms just as it is described in the story.

This ranch is near the Santa Clara River, in a beautiful valley. The ranch is an old one. Soon after the first missions were founded, the Spanish Government began giving ranches to those who would settle in California. The Mexican Government followed the same plan.

The first grants were very large — often a whole valley was given to one family. Such large farms could not all be cultivated. At first they were used as sheep or cattle ranches. Later they were sown to grain. The crops we now see growing in California valleys came still later.

As settlers from the East came into the State, they wanted farms. Some of them bought from the Spanish Californians, who needed money. So, one by one, the big grants were broken up.

The ranch where Ramona lived is a part of one of

these old grants. Aunt Julia thought that the girls would enjoy seeing it.

Their road led through San Fernando. Just above the town, they passed the reservoir and saw the aqueduct. Beth was proud to tell Uncle John what she knew about it. He and Junior had seen the aqueduct on the Randsburg trip.

The tunnel was a surprise to Beth. Junior knew it was coming and laughed at her.

A little farther on, they turned off from the road to Randsburg. Instead of climbing the mountain on the Bakersfield road, they followed the valley of the Santa Clara River to Ventura. They saw many ranches, besides Ramona's home. Then came the beautiful drive along the ocean all the way to Santa Barbara.

PART OF THE EMIGRANTS WERE BOUND FOR OREGON

CHAPTER XI

THE STORY-TELLER

JUNIOR was lonesome. If only Spud had come to Santa Barbara with him! Beth and Amelia were all right to play with — when they would play. To-day they were visiting some of Aunt Julia's friends — just sitting around and talking!

He felt neglected even by Uncle John. If his uncle must everlastingly talk business, why couldn't he stick to mining, or something else a fellow was interested in?

What was there for a little boy to do? It was no fun to play alone in the sand, he decided. He took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers, and played in the surf. Suddenly a big breaker swept him off his feet. He rolled over and over, half-choking. Before he could get to his feet, another breaker went over him.

A man came to his rescue and set him on his feet. "Trying to swim, young man?"

Junior shook the water out of his face. He was undecided whether to laugh or to cry. The laugh won out.

He looked up into the twinkling blue eyes of his rescuer. To Junior he seemed very old. He had little

wrinkles around his eyes, and his hair and whiskers were white.

"Better go home to your ma and get some dry clothes," he said.

Junior laughed again. "I'd have to go clear home to Illinois to find my mother."

"Oh, ho! a tourist, are you? Well, I suppose you have some folks with you? Or are you seeing California alone?"

"No, my sister is here. We came in an automobile with my aunt and uncle. My sister Beth is learning a lot about California," he added presently. "I guess when we get back to Illinois, she will know more than anybody."

The sun and wind were already getting in their work on the wet clothes.

"Keep running up and down until you are dry," his new friend cautioned him.

It didn't take long. Junior dropped down on the sand. He lay quiet for a minute watching a ship at sea. The air was clear. The group of islands to the south loomed up with more than usual distinctness.

"Is that Catalina?" Junior sat up with sudden interest. "Can we go to Avalon from here?"

"No, Catalina is farther south. There are no pleasure resorts on the islands near Santa Barbara. People often go to them, though, for hunting and fishing. How would you like to have me tell you something about the islands? Or would you rather play?"

"There's nobody to play with," grumbled Junior.

"Anyway, I like stories, if they are about Indians or fighting or bandits or pirates."

"Pirate ships aren't the only ones to have adventures. For instance, there are the whalers. Whalers used to come to this coast."

Mr. Allen settled himself comfortably. He liked to tell stories.

"When I was a little boy like you," he began, "I lived in a seaport town in Massachusetts. My grandfather was captain of a whaler. He used to tell me about the days when he first shipped as a sailor. Did you ever see a sailboat — a really large ship, I mean, with masts and sails?"

"I saw the Chinese Junk at Catalina."

"But that is a dead ship — hardly more than a skeleton. A ship in motion under full sail is a thrilling sight. She rides the ocean swells like something alive. There is no describing the motion. You must see and feel it.

"And very like it is the motion of a whale in the water. If there is a more thrilling sight than that of a moving ship, it is a school of whales as they bound through the waves.

"The sport of hunting whales is full of excitement and danger. Perhaps I shouldn't call it a sport. It is a bread-and-butter business. It is the living of the people engaged in it. The value is mostly in the oil. But I am getting ahead of my story.

"In the days I speak of, a whaler left port expecting to be gone at least three years. Sometimes it never

came back. The whole town came out to see the boat leave.

"A long voyage around Cape Horn brought them to the Pacific hunting grounds. A sailor in the topmost rigging kept an eager lookout. He used a small telescope to search the water. A glimpse of the familiar white spray sent down the call of 'blo-o-ows' to those below.

"All was now excitement. But there was no confusion. On ship, every man knew his duty and was as well drilled to instant action as are the firemen of our cities.

"A boat is lowered. The oarsmen tumble in and take their places, with a man in the end to steer. A sail is quickly hoisted. The harpooner takes his place and the boat shoots through the water.

"The rowers bend to their task with a will. This is what they have been waiting for all the long months of the voyage. For this they have left wives and babies and comfortable homes. For this they have endured hardships that landsmen hardly dream of.

"With six or eight husky men at the oars and with full sail, the boat overhauls the whales. The harpooner is poised for a throw. Singling out a victim, he casts. With all the power of his huge bulk, the wounded animal rushes forward. The harpoon rope sings as it pays out from the coil. The men drop their oars to help pull on the line.

"Faster and faster goes the whale. Will he never tire? The boat is dragged for miles, bobbing on the

waves like a top. The men are drenched by the flying water. Suddenly the whale turns to attack. The men, seizing the oars, try to keep the boat out of his way. They know if the boat is overturned, the hunters may become the victims, for the deadly shark is not far away.

"But the whale again takes the line. Other boats from the ship join in the chase. At last the monster is tired out and killed. He is towed to the ship. There the blubber is cut from his big body and hoisted to the deck to be tried out in great kettles.

"Then the oil is put into barrels and stored in the hold. When the ship has all the oil it can carry, it turns back home. But sometimes it has been so long at sea that it must put into some port for repairs and general cleaning.

"Perhaps it goes to the safe little bay of Avalon, or to Monterey; probably to San Francisco.

"So the whale hunters came to know California. When they reached home, they bragged about the climate, just as tourists do now. They told about the fine harbors; of San Francisco Bay.

"The fur hunters did the same.

"A little more than a hundred years ago, these waters were full of fur-bearing animals. You have probably seen seals and sea lions at Catalina. But more valuable still were the sea otters, with their beautiful jet-black fur.

"You seldom see otters these days. They have almost all been killed off, although they are now protected by law.

"People came from far countries to the Santa Barbara channel in search of those furs. The Russians came from their trading posts in Alaska to hunt in California waters. They made a settlement on the coast, only a short distance north of San Francisco.

"Many ships came from our New England States. The Indians were glad to exchange furs for cloth, blankets, beads, knives, or gunpowder. Sometimes they helped the white people hunt the otters. They found them in the kelp beds and so went after them in canoes.

"The fur traders found a market for the furs in China. Sometimes they would make several voyages across the Pacific before going back home. But sooner or later, unless lost at sea, they found their way back to New England.

"After a while most of the fur-bearing animals were killed off. But the shrewd Yankee traders had learned that California was a good market for supplies. So ships came with coffee and sugar and molasses; with dishes and knives and forks; with clothing and boots and shoes; with shawls and beads and fancy combs for the pretty señoritas; with cart wheels for the ranchers.

"In those days, California was a cow country. On the mission farms and other ranches were thousands of cattle. The chief value of the small-bodied long-horns was in the hides and tallow.

"The Californians were glad to trade these articles for the supplies brought by the 'Boston ships,' as they

called them. The Yankees were equally glad to get the leather. A thriving boot-and-shoe industry grew up in New England. And all the while our country was learning more about California.

"Then came the trappers, the inland fur hunters. But that is another story."

"Tell me about them, anyway," pleaded Junior.

"Not to-day; your folks will be hunting for you. But if you will bring that sister of yours, who wants to know all about California, I'll tell you about them to-morrow."

This is the story he told them. It was full of Indians and excitement — just the kind of story Junior liked.

CHAPTER XII

THE TRAPPERS

James Ohio Pattie was a young man who loved adventure. He found plenty of it in the West a hundred years ago. He had come with his father to trap beavers.

In Arizona they found fine trapping along the Gila River. In a short time they took all the furs their pack-horses could carry. But on the way back to the Spanish settlements, their horses and furs were stolen by the Indians.

After this ill luck, Mr. Pattie decided to go into copper mining. But this was too tame for James. Early the next year, he set out with a party of French trappers. They were attacked by Indians, and only James escaped.

But he would not give up. He joined another party. They followed the Gila River to the Colorado. They worked along that river north to the Mohave country.

One night they were attacked by unfriendly Indians while they slept. Sixteen arrows were shot into the bed where James lay. His blanket was pinned fast to the ground. Two arrows went through his hunting

shirt and his bedfellow was killed. One other man was killed and two were wounded. Still they went on. Soon three more of the party were killed.

There was snow on the ground when they reached the Grand Canyon. They followed various streams back to Santa Fé, only to lose all their valuable furs. The Mexican Governor took them, claiming they had no right to trap in Mexican territory.

James' next expedition was into Mexico.

On a hunting trip in southern Arizona, he was attacked by a grizzly. He escaped from the bear, but nearly lost his life by a fall down a precipice. But that wasn't excitement enough for the venturesome boy. He went trapping again, and was wounded by the Indians.

His father, at the mines, was robbed of thirty thousand dollars by an employee. Soon after, the Mexican Government closed the mines. So, on the next trip, his father was with him again. This time they had a license from the Governor.

Once more they worked down the Gila to the Colorado. Again they were attacked by Indians and all their horses were driven off. They built canoes of logs and floated down the Colorado until they met the tide. Then they buried their furs and crossed the desert on foot. They nearly died of thirst, but reached water just in time.

At last the eight men now in the party reached a mission in Lower California.

The Mexicans made them prisoners. They were sent under guard to San Diego, where they were clapped

into jail. This was their first experience in California. You can imagine how happy a one it was.

Mr. Pattie became very ill and died there. James was not allowed to see him.

All but James were then released to go back to the Colorado for the buried furs. But the water had ruined them. The disappointed men came back to jail. Two of them, though, had gone back through Arizona rather than return to San Diego.

Then an epidemic of smallpox broke out in California. The Americans were freed from jail, as James was needed. He was pressed into service in vaccinating the Indians and other Californians. It is said that a thousand persons were treated at San Diego. From mission to mission went James with his vaccine. He went even to the Russian fort and vaccinated the people there.

Returning to Monterey, he took part in suppressing a revolution.

Then he went to Mexico and tried to get some payment for his ill treatment. He did not succeed, and returned in disappointment to his birthplace in Kentucky.

He had been gone six years. He had had adventures enough to satisfy even his daring spirit. And at twenty-six, he had had misfortunes enough for a lifetime.

The other members of that unfortunate party made their homes in California. They were among the very first Americans to live here.

While the Patties were in Arizona, a fur trader by the name of Smith came across country from the Great

Salt Lake to California. Jedediah Smith is sometimes called the "pathfinder of the Sierras." He was an explorer as well as a fur trader.

The big valleys east of the mountains had not been settled by the Mexicans. The Americans explored and trapped along the rivers, until compelled to leave the State.

Going up the Sacramento River, Smith was unable to find a pass out of the Sierras. So, with his men, he worked westward to the coast. After many hardships they reached southern Oregon. They hoped to reach the Columbia River and so go back to Salt Lake. But they were attacked by Indians. All but three were killed.

Those three made their way to Vancouver, a British trading post. Their furs brought them about twenty thousand dollars.

But neither Mexican laws nor hardships could keep the trappers out of California. A beaver fur was worth five or six dollars, and the rivers were full of them. Besides, there were always men who, like James Ohio Pattie, loved adventure.

The trappers dressed like Indians. They let their hair grow long. They wore fancy moccasins and leggins, a long hunting shirt, and a bright-colored blanket. Each carried a hunting knife and a tomahawk, as well as a rifle and a pistol.

A regular trade was afterward opened up between the Middle West and California. The goods were carried by pack-trains, which made the trip once a year. On

their way back to the East, they carried goods brought to California by ships from China.

Of course the inland valleys and rivers of California became thoroughly explored.

The people of our eastern coast had learned of California markets from the whalers and other ships. Now the settlers of the Middle West heard about the rich valleys which would make good farms. So the way was opened up for the pioneers who came in the forties.

As for the trappers, many of them liked California so well, they never left it.

CHAPTER XIII

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

THE children coaxed the story-teller to come home with them. Beth read him her story about California Indians.

"Very good," he said thoughtfully. "Perhaps you will be a great writer some day. Junior tells me you expect to make a report of the trip. Do you mind showing me your route?"

Together they studied an automobile map of California. Beth pointed out the roads she had been over. Mr. Allen, with a red pencil, marked out for her the routes taken by the fur trappers. He showed her the different mountain passes, explaining how difficult it was to cross the mountains anywhere until the passes had been discovered. She could understand that. She remembered the pass out of the San Fernando Valley.

Beth was sorry she had missed the story about the whalers.

"Never mind," said Junior. "I'll tell it to your class."

Beth did not believe he would remember it. But he was so anxious to show her he could that he practiced on Aunt Julia until he could tell it very well.

Of course the children had been to the Santa Barbara Mission. There they heard several California stories.

One of them was about an Indian woman who lived alone on one of the islands for about twenty years.

When the Spaniards came to the California coast, they found Indians living on the larger channel islands. These Indians were intelligent and better workers than most of the California Indians. They had canoes and were good fishermen. They used shellfish, also, as food.

The mission fathers decided that the island Indians should join the missions. So they were gradually brought over to the mainland.

When the Indians were taken off San Nicolas, a baby was overlooked. The mother rushed back to rescue the child. The boat went off without her.

San Nicolas is the farthest out of the islands. People very seldom went there. From time to time, however, people tried to find out what had become of the woman who was left on the island. But she was shy and kept out of sight.

At last she was found, alone. The baby had evidently died. The woman seemed to have lived pretty comfortably. She had made a shelter. She had clothed herself. She had lived on shellfish.

She was taken to the Santa Barbara Mission. But she lived only a few weeks. After having lived so long on one diet, she could not stand the change to other food. A dress made of birds' feathers was kept as a curio.

There are many beautiful drives near Santa Barbara. So, in spite of Junior's lonesome day, the time had

passed quickly. Among the things to see was the beautiful town of Montecito, where the wealthiest people live. And we mustn't forget the grapevine — the old grapevine, larger even than the one at San Gabriel.

It was a happy day for the children when the two families were united. They were all eager to start out. For were they not to see the big trees and Yosemite?

They left Santa Barbara over the State highway. For miles the road passed between the ocean on one side and a mountain range on the other.

Before reaching San Luis Obispo, they passed through ranch lands. Uncle John explained that fruit and vegetables are raised in the little valleys between the mountains. He drove up to a ranch, so he could show Beth about the irrigation.

This ranch had been a part of a Spanish land grant. But the present owner had lived there several years. He had piped water underground to different parts of the ranch. There was a reservoir — two of them, in fact — for the irrigating. There was a drinking-tank for the cattle. (This was a combination dairy and fruit ranch.)

Between rows of fruit trees were young grapevines. They were already well leaved out and some fruit had set. The children learned of the raisin-drying and saw the big racks.

Another section of the ranch would be set to cauliflower for the winter market.

The water used on this ranch was pumped from

wells. The power used was electric current brought many miles over the hills.

After leaving Paso Robles, our tourists crossed the mountains into the San Joaquin Valley. They camped for the night near a small town. It was the first time the two families had all camped together; that is, on the open road. Of course they had been together at Catalina.

"Let's play we are pioneers," said Gordon. He was thinking of "The Covered Wagon." He began to whistle "Susannah" and started to dance. The others, with a laugh, joined in. Even Mr. and Mrs. Hays, who were rather dignified, gave up to the fun.

"We ought to have Jed to play for us," said Amelia. "Here" — and she thrust a skillet into Sally's hands. "Play, Sally."

The grown-ups were soon out of breath. Now for the camp-fire and supper. The boys gathered sticks, while Amelia laid the fire. Junior was allowed to light the fire — with a match. They were pioneers, now, not Indians.

Uncle John made the coffee. Mr. Hays fried a huge steak they had bought in Paso Robles. "You can imagine it is buffalo meat," he told the boys.

There were canned corn and canned beans to warm. To top off with, they had brought an immense watermelon all the way from Santa Barbara.

It took most of the next day to reach Sequoia Park. They had to cross the San Joaquin Valley. It is very much larger than any of the valleys they had yet seen.

They crossed railroads and rivers and passed through many towns. On all sides were ranches.

"This valley, Beth, is the heart of California," said Aunt Julia. "It extends northward for hundreds of miles. Beautiful Mount Shasta is at its head. There the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range come together like the head of a wishbone. The sides of the wishbone are bent so that they nearly come together at the south.

Courtesy of Paramount Pictures—"The Covered Wagon"

SHEEP RESTING AT NOONTIME

"All within is one vast valley, although the northern part is called the Sacramento Valley. The Sacramento River drains it, while through this part runs the San Joaquin. The two great rivers flow toward each other and, united, turn toward the sea.

"Perhaps some huge giants, ages ago, pulled the wishbone; for one side is broken, and there the waters flow into San Francisco Bay.

"It was along these rivers that Smith's men trapped beaver a hundred years ago," went on Aunt Julia. "Later on, the pioneer farmers came from the East. Cattle and sheep were brought in."

"When I went to school," broke in Uncle John, "the valley was mostly in wheat. I remember a California picture in my geography. It showed harvesters

Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

AT WORK IN IMMENSE GRAIN FIELDS

and headers at work in immense grain fields. In those days the ranches were very large.

"Year by year more people came into the valley. Better methods of irrigating came into use. Other crops were grown. Now raisin culture is one of the chief industries."

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN MUIR AND THE BIG TREES

THE next day they were standing under the biggest tree in Sequoia Park.

It is so big and so old that it has a name — just like a mountain or a river. It is called General Sherman.

"I suppose it is the oldest living thing on earth," said Uncle John.

"How old?" demanded Gordon.

"No one knows exactly. John Muir counted more than four thousand rings on a fallen tree, about this size. So it may be four thousand or possibly five thousand years old. It must have been quite a tree in the days of King Tut and of Bible characters like Joseph and Moses and David."

"As old as the animals of the La Brea pits?"

"No, hardly. Those animals belong to the Glacial Age. It is supposed that at one time these trees — that is, Sequoias — grew widely over the world. Fossils have been found in many places.

"Then came the glaciers, or rivers of ice, down from the north; and the Sequoias survived only in this part of California and along the Pacific Coast. This tree is probably the great-grandchild of trees that lived before the Glacial Age."

That idea amused the children. They wanted to see some *baby* trees. Uncle John showed them a few husky youngsters — about five feet through, and a hundred feet or so tall. The four children could just about reach around one of them.

"Just like the baby dragons in the Oz stories," giggled Junior.

The baby trees looked quite different from the grandfather trees. How graceful the youngsters were, with their arrow-shaped heads waving gently in the breeze! How different from the old trees, whose huge trunks seemed like pillars of rock! No chance of *their* swaying in the breeze! Even their domed heads, far, far, above all the other trees, looked strong and immovable.

Uncle John explained how, when the lightning smashes these great heads, as it sometimes does, the tree forms a new head. Then the tree grows on as if nothing had happened.

Nothing seems to hurt the giant trees. That is why they live so long. Even forest fires seldom kill the older ones, though the babies may burst into flame like a torch, and be consumed.

Beth wanted to see the seeds and to know how the baby trees are planted. Uncle John was the botanist of the family. They gathered round for his explanation. He showed them a cone, with the little seeds inside the scales. Such tiny seeds for such a big tree!

The trees blossom in the late winter, when the snow is still on the ground. When the seeds are ripe, they are wafted to the ground as softly as falling snowflakes.

Perhaps the ground has been prepared by falling branches, which plough the soil. There is plenty of moisture to give the little trees a good start. The roots of the big trees form a sponge, which holds the moisture in the ground.

When John Muir first came to this grove, nearly fifty years ago, he had some thrilling experiences. He watched a forest fire for several days — and nights. Indeed, a great deal of what we know about the big trees, we owe to John Muir. They were his special study.

Sometimes with his pack on his back, and sometimes with his little brown mule to carry food and blankets, he tramped the Sequoia belt. At night he lay under the open sky, or perhaps made his bed in the hollow of a fallen tree. And all the while he was learning.

When he was a little boy in Scotland, he was made to study very hard from books. When he became a man, he spent his life in studying from Nature. And what a joy it was to him! And how much richer California is — how much richer the world is — because of John Muir!

It was Amelia who had been thoughtful enough to bring along a book about John Muir. It was written by himself and tells about his boyhood. There in the shade of the great trees, they read a few chapters together.

Muir was sent to school before he was three. Not to a California school, where life is made easy and lessons are play.

Before he was eleven, he had memorized English,

French, and Latin grammars, could repeat the New Testament from cover to cover, and knew large portions of the Old Testament. In those days, any slip of memory, or breaking of rules, was punished by whipping. And to escape ridicule on the playground, all punishment must be taken without even wincing.

But on Saturdays and holidays there was freedom from book lessons. How easily all cares were slipped off! What joy to run and run for miles in the open country or along the wild sea! What lore of birds and animals was to be picked up!

And then, America. Sixteen and seventeen hours a day of the most exhausting work on that Wisconsin farm — work that would beat the heart out of most men these days. But the wonderful birds and animals; and the precious holidays! The stolen minutes, not hours, with books!

In an unguarded moment, his father told him if he must read he could get up in the morning as early as he pleased. This was winter, and the day's work began at six. At one o'clock each morning, Muir slipped out of bed into the zero atmosphere. Sometimes he crept down to the cellar where he carved the most wonderful clocks and other machines, of his own invention.

The story Gordon liked best was the one which tells how he conquered his fear of the water.

Muir, with his brother David, learned to swim in the lake joining their farm. Once he got frightened and was nearly drowned. Utterly disgusted with his panic,

he rowed alone out to the deepest part of the lake and dived again and again until he was thoroughly master of himself in deep water.

It was Muir who persuaded the people of California that they must save the trees. It used to be thought that the big trees grow only where there is plenty of water. Muir learned that there is plenty of water where the big trees grow. The ground that is honeycombed by those big roots holds water like a sponge. When the snow melts in the spring, it is soaked up instead of running off in floods. So the streams are fed that run down to the valley all the year and make irrigation possible.

One of the greatest enemies of the forest is fire. Both Uncle Sam and the State of California try to prevent fires.

One day a shepherd in the Sequoia forest built his fire in dry grass, without clearing a space for it. It would have taken him only a few minutes to make his fire safe. Because he was lazy or careless, a bad fire was started. It lasted for days and did a great deal of damage before it could be controlled.

When Muir first came to Sequoia Park, he found men at work making shingles of the giant trees. No special care was taken in felling the trees, and there was great waste.

A strange spirit seems to have ruled the people who came to California in the early days. Perhaps just because there was so much of everything, the people thought it couldn't be used up. Yet it took only a few

years to clean out the fur animals — the otters and the beavers.

Perhaps if it had not been for Muir, the big trees would have all been destroyed. One of them was sawed off to make a dance floor!

Now the people of the State know that the trees must be saved; not only the big trees, but all the forests. This doesn't mean that no trees can be cut for lumber. Most forests are better off for having some of the trees cut. It only means that there must be no waste and that the little trees must have a chance to grow until they are useful. Of course, the giant trees must be saved, because they are so wonderful.

Just back of the Sequoia forest stands Mount Whitney, the highest peak in this country. He seemed like an old friend to Beth. She wished she could cross the Sierras and see the Owens River and Lake. Mr. Hays told her that not only the Owens River, but Death Valley can be seen from the summit of Mount Whitney.

Only a short distance from the Sequoia Park is General Grant Park. This is a small grove of very big trees.

Night found the travelers in Fresno.

CHAPTER XV

YOSEMITE

THE children saw very little of Fresno that night. The grown folks were busy preparing for an early start next morning. Mr. Hays told them what a busy city it is. He told them how the San Joaquin Valley celebrated

Courtesy of Fresno Chamber of Commerce

A RICH FARMING COMMUNITY — ALFALFA

the raisin festival in Fresno a few months before. This was in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the raisin industry in the valley.

They got up early in the morning, as planned. But they did not see Yosemite that day. Fresno was billed

for a circus and Junior and Beth had never seen one. The grown-ups decided they could spare a day to amuse the children. Besides, it would give them a chance to see Fresno and the farming country round-about.

The children chose to stay in town to see the circus unload. Such fun! When Sally tired of the confusion, the girls took her back to camp. But the boys

Courtesy of Fresno Chamber of Commerce

SUN CURING PEACHES

spent all morning watching the animals. They didn't turn up for dinner until after the parade.

Meanwhile, the older people had gone driving. Mr. Hays had been in Fresno before. It is the largest city in the San Joaquin Valley and the center of a rich farming community.

In the country, they saw peach and fig orchards and many vineyards. It is so warm in the valley the fruit

ripens early. To make raisins, the grapes are dried in the sun for three or four weeks on wood or paper trays. It seldom rains in the fall until after the crop is ready for market.

On the way back to the city, they saw a fine herd of Holstein cows. Uncle John snapped a picture for Beth.

In the afternoon, they all went to the circus. Junior had the time of his life. As it was his first experience, the men saw that he had everything going — squawkers, balloons, peanuts and popcorn, ice cream and pop.

Courtesy of Fresno Chamber of Commerce

A FINE HERD OF HOLSTEIN COWS

"You will make him ill," fretted Aunt Julia. But Uncle John only laughed. "A boy sees his first circus but once in a lifetime," he said.

The next morning they really started for Yosemite. Across the San Joaquin River, on toward the mountains, sped the autos. They soon reached the forests. After shrubs and scrub oaks, came the evergreens — pines, firs, and cedars. Then, the Sequoias again — the Mariposa Grove. This grove is one of the finest of the big trees, and belongs to California.

Beth had seen postcard pictures of the Wawona Tree. But of course she must take a picture herself. A tun-

nel was cut through the trunk of this tree more than forty years ago. It did not seem to hurt the tree at all, as there was plenty of trunk left on both sides of the opening. Automobiles drive right through the tunnel.

Beth's picture showed a big automobile in front of the opening. She wanted the folks at home to see how tremendously big the tree really is. And the Wawona is not the biggest tree in the grove. That is the Grizzly Giant, which is nearly as large as the General Sherman and the General Grant, in the groves to the south.

The Mariposa Grove has one very tall tree — the Mark Twain. It is three hundred and thirty-one feet tall — almost as high as a thirty-story building.

Beth got a good picture of the American Legion Tree. It is dedicated to the unknown soldiers lost in the Great War. Some visitor had left a wreath at the foot of the tree.

From the grove, they went to Glacier Point. For a hundred miles the Sierras stretched away to the horizon — "mountains of light," Muir called them.

At their feet lay the Yosemite Valley — a sheer drop of more than half a mile. Oh, for an airplane, or a balloon, to drop them down into that beautiful valley! But why the hurry? There is so much to see from the rim.

Two feathery waterfalls caught the children's eyes. At that distance, they seemed to be fairy waterfalls of mist and spray. Uncle John was reminded of an amusing experience of Muir's.

"One moonlight night," he said, "Muir took a notion

to see the moonlight through Yosemite Falls. The night wind was gently swaying the falling column of water and Muir ventured behind the falls. He was feasting his love of wildness and beauty, when suddenly he felt what seemed to be an avalanche of rocks on his back. Due to a lull in the wind, the water had dropped back to a straight fall and Muir was in its way. All he could do was to cling to the rocks and try to protect his head. He curled up 'like a baby fern,' as he expressed it, and let his back and shoulders take the force of the beating.

"This lasted until the wind again swayed the column of water, so he could crawl out — not only beaten, but drenched to the skin with that icy water. He decided he had had enough moonlight view for the time being and hurried back to camp to warm and dry himself. Fortunately, he did not suffer from the experience.

"Though they look so soft and feathery, the falls we see are really large ones. The upper one, the Sierra Nevada, is nearly twice as high as the tallest Sequoias. The other is taller than the Grizzly Giant. We shall see it closer before we leave the park."

"Why, hello there, Spud! Where did you come from?" Gordon was hailed by a boy he used to know in San Francisco.

"Fatty," as Gordon called him, was a tall freckle-faced boy, about fifteen. He and Gordon were soon comparing experiences.

"I have seen some one I know nearly every day since I have been here," said the lad. "Mother says all roads

lead to Yosemite. We've been here all summer, and you can't believe how many people have been through the park. They come from all over the State. Besides the Californians, there are thousands of Eastern tourists."

There were other fine views on the way into the valley. By the time they had checked in, and had made their camp for the night, it was dark. They were almost famished, because they had not eaten since their lunch in Mariposa Grove.

Soon dinner was over, and it was too dark for sightseeing.

"Shall we finish the Muir book, or are you children tired enough for bed?" asked Aunt Julia.

"Let's tell stories," suggested Gordon. "Do you know any more stories like the one about the waterfall?" he asked Uncle John.

"I want an Indian story," clamored Junior.

Uncle John laughed. "What do you say, Princess?" appealing to Beth.

"I'd like to hear about Yosemite. How it was discovered and named, I mean."

"All right. What will you do for me, if I can satisfy you all with one story?"

"Name you honorable story-teller of the Woodcrafters," promised Amelia.

This was the story:

It was nearly fifty years ago that John Muir made his trip through the Sequoia belt. At that time, he had lived in Yosemite about seven years. It is hard to

find any more interesting reading than the accounts of his experiences about Yosemite. He was more eager to learn how the valley was made than how it was discovered and named.

During a "noble earthquake," which shook down huge masses of rock, he learned the cause of the piles of rock and earth at the base of the cliffs. He studied the action of glaciers and slides. So he learned how these rocks have been ground and polished by the great glaciers of the past.

But this is how Muir tells us the valley was discovered.

The Indians of the Sierra foothills made war on the whites. They felt that the whites were driving out their game and invading their acorn groves. Uncle Sam's soldiers conquered many of the Indians and placed them in reservations. But the Yosemite or Grizzly Bear tribe was defiant. The soldiers had trouble finding the home of this tribe. It was said to be somewhere in the mountains, but where?

The captain in charge sent word to the tribe by friendly Indians. He promised that if the Yosemites would give themselves up, no harm would be done to them. One day the old chief of the Grizzlies came in alone. He pleaded that his tribe did not want to be taken from their home. He promised that if allowed to live their own lives, they would not bother the whites. But Captain Savage insisted that the tribe could not be trusted. He said they must give themselves up.

Chief Tenaya promised to bring them in. He came

back to Uncle Sam's camp on the Merced River with the report that his men were coming. But when they did not put in an appearance the next day, the soldiers started out to look for them. With Tenaya as guide, they advanced toward the home of the tribe. On the way, they met some of the Indians. By no means all the tribe, however, were in the party.

Sending those Indians on to camp, with their chief, Captain Savage pushed on with a Yosemite Indian for guide. Early in the afternoon, they discovered this valley. This was the home of the tribe. That night they camped near where we are camped. As far as we know, they were the first white people in the valley.

They sat around their camp-fires talking, just as we are doing now. They talked about a suitable name, and agreed to call it the Yosemite after the tribe of the Grizzlies. The Indian name for the valley was Ahwahnee.

But while they were talking, the Indians had given them the slip. They had taken the trail over the mountains.

During a later attempt to capture the tribe, the youngest son of old Tenaya was killed. The father was heartbroken. He defied the whites to kill him, also; and promised that his spirit would never forsake them. But later, his heart was made joyful. Some time after the tribe was finally captured, they were allowed to return to their beloved valley home.

Tenaya, however, could not keep his young men out of mischief. Uncle Sam's soldiers were again brought

into the valley because some white men had been killed. Several of the guilty Indians were captured and shot. But most of the tribe again escaped over the mountains.

There they robbed the Mono tribe, which had befriended them. The Monos pursued them, therefore, and killed the chief and most of the tribe.

The name of the old chief lives in Tenaya Lake and Tenaya Canyon. And the name of his tribe is spoken all over the world; for the charm of this valley is known wherever men and women love the wild beauty of Nature.

Uncle John's recital served as a bedtime story. They were all astir early the next morning and spent the day hiking in the valley. Beth's camera worked hard till the sun went down. These are some of the pictures it caught:

The beautiful winding river, banked with willows and maples.

Level stretches of the valley floor, carpeted with flowers.

Clusters of yellow pines, gracefully slender, almost as tall as the Sequoias. (How Beth wished the camera could bottle some of their fragrance!)

Live oaks, gnarled and sturdy.

Towering rocks, some slender, like the Cathedral Spires; others, massive, like El Capitan.

Waterfalls to delight the heart — the Bridal Veil, with its rainbow spray; the Ribbon Fall, opposite; the thundering Yosemite, one of the highest of cataracts.

Farther up the valley were the falls they had seen from Glacier Point — the graceful Vernal and the tempestuous Nevada.

Then there was Mirror Lake, reflecting sky and mountains and trees.

There was one picture Beth especially treasured. It was the Cliff Dweller Pine — a solitary tree growing out of a ledge, far, far above the valley floor.

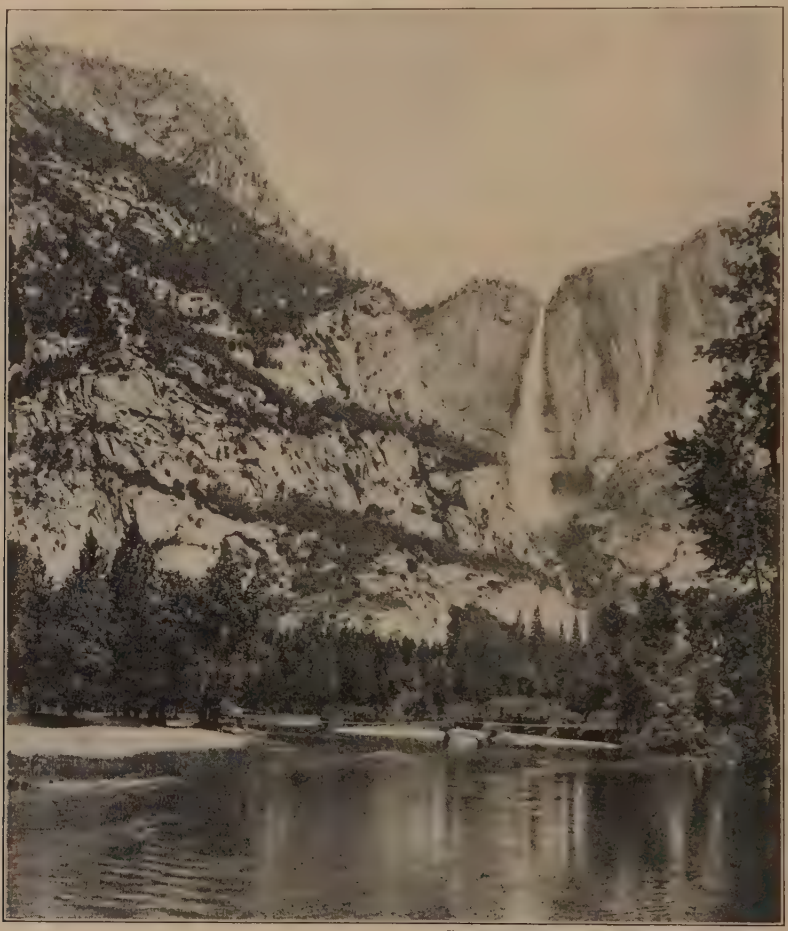
MASSIVE EL CAPITAN

The children were tired that night. But they managed to stay up for the firefall from Glacier Point. Every evening a bonfire is built on the point. At a certain hour it is dumped over the cliff, making a cataract of sparks and flame.

"This is surely the Yosemite Valley again!" exclaimed Amelia. "Glinda the Good must have enchanted the road and brought us back to our starting-point."

They were looking down into Hetch Hetchy Valley. Mr. Hays had wanted to see the site of the dam. The

trip up had been most interesting. There were so many fine views on the climb up from Yosemite Valley to the rim. They had passed through another



Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

THE BEAUTIFUL WINDING RIVER — YOSEMITE VALLEY

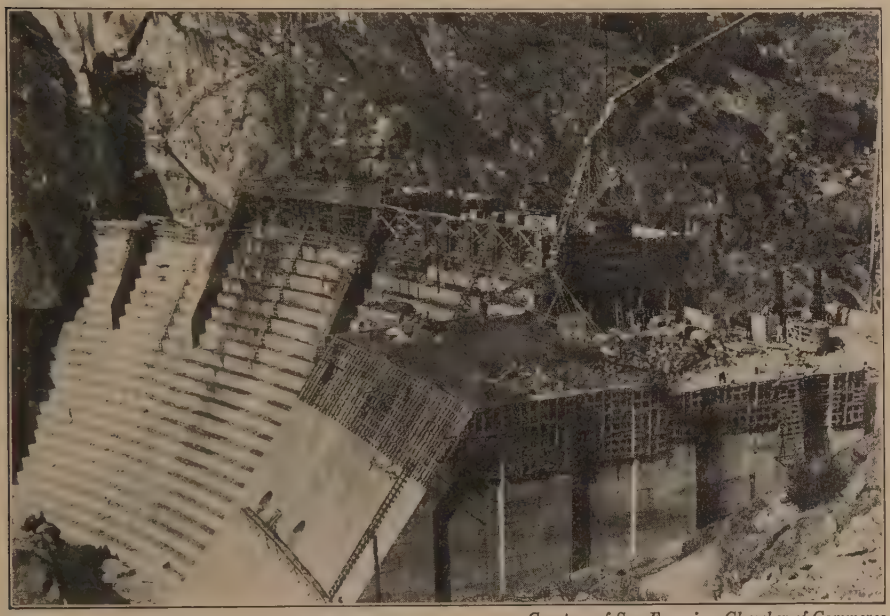
grove of Sequoias. They could not come all the way by automobile, but had finished the trip by train.

Yes, the valley was truly like the Yosemite. There

was the river winding through the green valley. There were the canyon walls, with outstanding cliffs and domes. There were the waterfalls.

"I bet that one is a mile high!" Junior pointed to the Wampana.

"You are not so far out of the way," said Uncle John. "It would take only three of them to make a mile."



Courtesy of San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

THE WORK GOING ON BELOW — HETCH HETCHY DAM

They could see a second fall where the water drops a sheer thousand feet; then cascades down the earthquake-formed slide at the foot of the cliff.

Mr. Hays pointed out the work going on below. When the huge dam is finished, the valley will be turned into a lake for San Francisco's water supply. He ex-

plained to the children how water can be used to develop electric power.

"San Francisco will look to Hetch Hetchy for its power as well as for its water," he said.

The people of California are learning to use more and more of the mountain water. First, the mission fathers dammed the streams for irrigation. From time to time the settlers learned better methods of irrigation. When the cities grew big, they had to look to the mountains for their water supply. So we have the big projects, like the Los Angeles aqueduct and Hetch Hetchy.

But there is immense force or energy in falling water. For many, many years people have used that energy for turning mill wheels. Now they have learned that it will turn machinery to make electric current. A large part of the city of Los Angeles is lighted by current from its own power plants. The same thing will be true of San Francisco. Electric current has other uses than lighting. It can be used to pump water for irrigating. So the water stored in the ground can be used, as well as that running in streams. Many California ranches are watered in this way.

There are a large number of power plants along the San Joaquin Valley. A great many manufacturing plants use electric power.

"Take a good, long look," warned Mrs. Hays, as they were leaving. "Soon this smiling, happy valley will be only a memory. When we drink Hetch Hetchy water, we will think of the beautiful trees and ferns and flowers that will lie buried under the lake."

CHAPTER XVI

MONTEREY

UNCLE JOHN stopped the car for a last look at the San Joaquin Valley. (They had left Merced that morning.) Soon the view would be shut off, for they were crossing a range of mountains.

"I should like to have seen it through Muir's eyes," he said. "We think of it as the valley of raisins. *He* called it the 'floweriest piece of world' he 'ever walked.' By the way, Gordon" (Gordon was with them, Beth having gone in the Hays car with Amelia), "this is the same route followed by Muir when he came to California. He came down the Santa Clara Valley, crossing the mountains through this pass."

Gordon was very quiet the rest of the way into Gilroy. Uncle John seemed to say always just the right word to fire his imagination. He pictured John Muir tramping this road in quest of adventure. For so Gordon thought of Muir. He had caught a good deal of his spirit. How glad he was that there were still wonderful things in California to be discovered!

It was night. A little new moon sank behind the western hills. The stars one by one took up their watch in the deep blue sky. On the State highway gleamed many automobile lights; for this was one of

the main highways between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Our travelers were southward bound, after a jolly picnic supper near Gilroy. All were anxious to reach San Francisco; but they could not miss Monterey. And had not Aunt Julia promised Beth a picture of the cypress trees?

STATUE OF FATHER SERRA—
OVERLOOKING MONTEREY BAY

The children were in a happy and excited mood. How good the bracing air felt after the day's drive across the hot San Joaquin Valley!

To-morrow would bring more sight-seeing. They would look on Monterey Bay, entered and named by Vizcaino, more than a hundred years ago. They would see the town of Monterey, with its old fort, established by Portola and Serra. They would take the seventeen-mile drive around the peninsula. They would visit Carmel Mission, where Serra labored and where he is laid to rest.

But to-night they were just happy children, enjoying the ride. So laughing and singing, they came into Monterey.

Fog greeted them in the morning. Indeed, it had begun to drift in before they were settled for the night.

A few years ago, Monterey was almost a deserted village. Gone was the glory of its days as capital of California. Gone were the stately Spanish señoras and laughing señoritas who led the brilliant society of old California. The gold rush of forty-nine and fifty had practically emptied the town.

Many interesting and romantic bits of history center about Monterey.

The flag of Argentina was once raised there. It was during the wars which freed the Spanish colonies from the mother country. Our own people were interested and excited over this revolution. Although we were not at war with Spain, ships were fitted out on our eastern coast to help the rebel colonies. They were really pirate ships. Their idea of helping was to attack the Spanish trading vessels.

One day two ships were sighted off Monterey. It was not a surprise, for they had been expected for months. Reports of them had come from other ports. But Monterey was loyal to Spain. The Governor put up a fight. However, he was forced to flee. The town was captured and burned. Even the orchards and gardens were destroyed. When the Governor came back with reinforcements, the ships had gone south. So the Spanish flag was raised again at Monterey. There it stayed until Mexico had won independence.

When the attack was made on Monterey, three men were captured by the Governor's soldiers. One of them

was an American, named Chapman, an interesting figure in California history.

He was sent a prisoner to San Gabriel. There he taught the Mission Indians many useful things. Under his instructions, they built a ship, which was launched at San Pedro.

Chapman understood machinery and helped build several flour mills. The mill at San Gabriel still stands. He also planted a vineyard of four thousand vines.

He fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl and married her. She was an Ortega. The Ortegas were one of the oldest Spanish families in the State. They had a beautiful ranch home near the coast, not far from Santa Barbara.

For a time, Monterey was the chief port of the northern Pacific. The old Custom House is still there.

Sometimes ships were wrecked on the coast. It is said that when the water is perfectly calm, one may still see the skeleton of the brig Natalia at the bottom of the bay. This ship had come to Monterey from Mexico. But before this, she had seen interesting days. The Natalia was the brig in which the French Emperor Napoleon escaped from Elba, where he had been banished.

There are some interesting incidents about the flag in Monterey.

Once, the captain of an American ship, believing that our country and Mexico were at war, captured the town. He proudly raised the Stars and Stripes. But

he soon found he had made a big mistake and he had to apologize to the Mexican Government.

A few years later, we *did* go to war with Mexico. Commodore Sloat sailed into Monterey Bay, took possession of the fort and raised the American flag. Later on, there was plenty of fighting, in the south, but Monterey made no resistance. General Castro left for Mexico by way of the old Anza Trail across the Colorado Desert. Governor Pico afterward left the State, also.

A short time afterward, the capital of the State was moved from Monterey.

These things were talked over while the campers waited for the fog to clear away. Amelia and Gordon were familiar with California history. Beth was eager to learn all she could.

All were glad, however, when the sun came smiling through and they could start on the scenic drive along the seacoast.

This was different from any coast Beth had seen.

"Some one called the Pacific Coast the 'selvage of America,'" said Aunt Julia. "I wonder why. Every part I have seen is wonderful. Where in all the world could one find a more beautiful drive than this?"

"It is beautiful," agreed Uncle John. "As for the term 'selvage,' I suppose it is used because the coast is high and not much cut up into bays. A selvage is an edge that is tight — doesn't ravel."

Beth added many pictures to her collection of California trees. Of course she must have the ostrich trees. Two of the cypresses, standing close together, form an

almost perfect outline of an ostrich. Many of the other cypresses were almost as fantastic.

These trees are hundreds of years old. They are not tall, like the Sequoias, because they grow on the rocks. Their roots have gone deep down into the crevices. The storms of the centuries have not been able to dislodge them. The winds have not harmed these trees, rather they have made them more sturdy; but have twisted their limbs into the queerest shapes.

TWO OF THE CYPRESSES FORM AN OUTLINE OF AN OSTRICH

Strange to say, these trees grow nowhere else in the world, except in Palestine.

The Monterey pines were also well worthy of Beth's kodak.

The old mission at Carmel made a beautiful picture.

There was so much to see that two more days were spent at Monterey. The children must go out in the glass-bottomed boats at Pacific Grove.

"This is the place, Gordon, to look for pirate ships at the bottom of the sea." Uncle John was thinking of their glass-bottomed boat trip at Catalina. "There were many storms along this coast. It is not so well protected as Avalon."

"Can't we go fishing?" asked Junior. Other people

were fishing in the bay and seemed to be having success.

The girls did not care to fish, and so the men and boys went out by themselves.

"I'll give you a quarter if you bring me a fish for supper," Aunt Julia promised Junior. To her surprise, he earned the quarter. It was the first fish he had ever caught. You can imagine his excitement and his pride.

As the others had had fair luck, supper was provided for.

The boys hung around the wharves and learned something about fishing. They were told that millions of pounds of sardines are taken each year at Monterey.

In the afternoon, the children enjoyed the trip out to the big sugar plant at Spreckles. Their way led through rich farm country, where the cows and pigs and chickens looked good to Beth. The fields of potatoes made her think of Illinois.

Naturally, sugar beets are the chief crop about Spreckles.

Uncle John remembered when nearly all sugar was made from sugar cane. He explained how the great demand for sugar led men to experiment with other sweet plants. The beet was finally chosen. It was already rich in sugar and was easy to raise. By care and selection, the sugar content of the beet has been increased many fold.

The girls were delighted with the dahlia fields. Amelia knew a good deal about raising flowers.

"Wait until you see my garden in San Francisco," she said.

They passed immense fields of strawberries.

"Don't you wish we could take some berries home?" Mrs. Hays had visions of pantry shelves filled with strawberry jam. She had been in Los Angeles at the time she usually put up berries.

"We shall soon be home now," she said. "We have been away longer than we had planned. Of course you will come with us. There is room in the yard to camp; though we can put you in the house, if you will consent." Beth and Junior had not realized they were so close to San Francisco. What fun it would be to camp in the Hays yard! How jolly to have Gordon and Amelia to go around with — and to play with!

They were quite impatient all at once to reach San Francisco. But the grown people had their own plans. They wished to see the Lick Observatory, and to see it at night. They drove to San José through the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. This is one of the most famous fruit-growing valleys of the State.

At San José they left the highway for the trip up Mount Hamilton. The children were as eager as the grown people for a chance to look at the stars through the big telescopes.

The next day, a few hours were spent at Stanford University. In spite of that delay, the travelers reached the Hays home long before dark and had plenty of time to make camp.

It was necessary to plan their time carefully. The

summer was going fast, and the children must be in school in September. Every day, therefore, would be full. Mr. and Mrs. Hays would be busy with their own affairs; but Amelia and Gordon knew the city perfectly and proved excellent guides.

THE OLD MISSION AT CARMEL

CHAPTER XVII

SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Could this be summer? Aunt Julia didn't especially like the fogs and cool, bracing air; but the children thrived on it. Beth had never looked so well. Her cheeks grew rosy, her eyes sparkled, and her usually straight hair tried to curl. As for Junior, he more than ever deserved to be called "perpetual motion."

Thanks to Gordon, who seemed tireless, he worked off a good deal of steam in hard play. Many times, Aunt Julia and Uncle John blessed the older boy. They wondered what they would have done with Junior without him. They knew the little boy was safe with Gordon. Some days they scarcely saw the boys, except at meal-times.

Beth enjoyed many new sights and learned more history. Amelia taught her to start the day with a dip in the surf, and her swimming showed great improvement.

Sunset across Golden Gate gave Beth a great thrill. She could not get enough of it. The tranquil beauty of the outlook drew her to the spot again and again. Her vivid imagination tried to piece together the historic scenes she had been learning about.

She looked far out to sea. In her fancy, she saw the ship of Cabrillo sail into the unknown north. She saw it beat its way against the gales of that wind-swept coast. It knew nothing of the great harbor where it could have found refuge.

She pictured Drake's Golden Hind, laden with treasure for Queen Elizabeth. Long before, it had left England in quest of adventure and gold. It had attacked cities along the coast of South America. It had fought the Spanish galleons and robbed them of their precious cargoes. It had put into the little bay to the north. And here was the Golden Gate through which it might have sailed, if only Drake had known!

She thought of Vizcaino, sent out to explore the coast. She wondered how he came to miss the Golden Gate. She wondered if the hungry, ragged, little band of Portola's soldiers, who first saw the bay, felt thrilled as she did. She thought of Father Serra's joy at learning of the discovery and of how he named it "San Francisco."

One more scene was called up by her fancy. It was that of Ayala's ship — the first one to enter the bay! He was an explorer sent out from Mexico. And the next year Anza came; and just before our first Fourth of July, the San Francisco settlement was made. So the great port was occupied by Spain. Neither England nor Russia interfered.

A few years later, Russia made settlements on the Pacific Coast. But that is another story.

Beth was charmed with Golden Gate Park. She

would never forget its beauty. Of course she saw the Cliff House and Seal Rocks. Amelia told her that after the fire of 1906, the seals left and did not return for a long time.

Beth coaxed Mr. Hays to tell her about the great fire. He was living in San Francisco when it occurred. An earthquake shock came early in the morning. People rushed into the streets, half dressed. They had not recovered from their fright when fire broke out. As the water mains were broken, it was impossible to check the fire. It burned for three days.

Two hundred thousand people were homeless. Perhaps half that number gathered in vacant lots, on the hills and in the parks — wherever they were safe from the fire. Many escaped from the city. The ferry was crowded with fugitives. Uncle Sam's soldiers from the Presidio helped to keep order and feed the crowds.

It was the greatest disaster that had ever come to California. Every one in the State was glad to help with money or with food, or in any way they could. As soon as the news reached the East, help was rushed from other States, too.

The first need to be supplied was hunger. Milk was needed for the babies and little children. Even grown-ups must have food. There were fine ladies and millionaires in the homeless crowd; working men and women; beggars and criminals; the people from Chinatown and of other races. All were alike hungry. All needed help.

Even after the fire was stopped, it was a long time

before men and women could go back to work. The whole city had to be rebuilt. But it was rebuilt, and is much more beautiful than the old San Francisco.

Like some fairy city it looked to Beth, when she saw it from the Twin Peaks Boulevard. She looked far out across Golden Gate to the purple mountains beyond. Below her lay the city. Between green trees and parks rose tall buildings and hills crowned with beautiful homes. All were softened by the distance.

San Francisco lies between the ocean and the bay. The ocean washes its northern side; and along that water front Uncle Sam has built his presidio. From the Pacific, Golden Gate Park extends well into the city. The bay front, on both sides of the Oakland ferry building, is crowded with factories and warehouses.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE TWIN PEAKS BOULEVARD

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PATHFINDER

"WRITING a history of California?" Uncle John had settled himself for a comfortable Sunday morning in camp. He saw that Beth was struggling with paper and pen.

Aunt Julia had gone to church with Amelia and her mother. Sally was with them. Mr. Hays was in the house asleep. The boys were out for a good time.

The frown left Beth's face. Uncle John liked to see the dimples come.

"Oh, no, Uncle John. I am just writing a letter. I'll leave history writing for the grown-ups. I don't even know all I wish to tell my class."

"I am surprised. Junior says you know more about California than anybody."

"Lots Junior knows about it! I have learned a little about the early days. I have seen something of the State as it is now. There is a big gap between."

"You know how we got California?"

"Only that there was a war with Mexico. Have you time to tell me more, or do you want to rest?"

"I can rest and talk, too. Your Santa Barbara friend

told you of the coming of the first Americans. He told you about the early traders of the 'Boston ships' — how they interested their home folks in California.

"You saw in 'The Covered Wagon' how the pioneers came. Part of the emigrants were bound for California and part for Oregon.

"Many years before, Uncle Sam bought the Louisiana Territory from France. Little was known of that great region. Few white people had entered the Rocky Mountain country. Our Government therefore sent out an exploring party. These men, under Lewis and Clark, ascended the Missouri River to its source. They crossed the divide to the head waters of the Columbia River, then called the Oregon. They followed that river to the ocean and celebrated Christmas Day on the Pacific Coast.

"Our people thought the United States should extend from one ocean to the other. They were afraid some other country would get a foothold in Oregon. They especially feared England. So the movement of settlers to Oregon was encouraged. The interest in Oregon increased the interest in California. Even though it belonged to Mexico, many of the emigrants settled *here.*

"Uncle Sam sent out another exploring and mapping party. In fact, he sent two. One came by water and explored the coast. The other was an overland expedition under Frémont."

"Oh, I have heard of Frémont!" interrupted Beth. "There is a story in one of the school readers about

Frémont's howitzer. Do you know it, Uncle John? Please tell it to me."

"Too bad your Santa Barbara story-teller isn't here. The stories of Frémont are as interesting as those of Pattie or of Jedediah Smith. In a few years you will enjoy reading them from books."

"Why, Uncle John! The idea of your not being as good a story-teller as Mr. Allen! Do you think I have forgotten the story you told us at Yosemite? Or the one at San Diego Mission? Of course you can tell stories." Beth was quite indignant. She thought no one could beat Uncle John at anything.

"Well, well, little champion! I can't refuse you after that!" Uncle John closed his eyes, the better to think. Presently he began.

"It is Christmas morning. A party of men are camped on the shores of a small lake in Nevada. The leader is aroused by the bang! bang! bang! of firearms. The men are saluting the day. One bang much louder than the rest comes from a queer-looking gun. It is mounted on wheels. It looks much like the cannon in your courtyard at home.

"It is Frémont's precious howitzer. If it could speak our language, what stories of the trail it could tell! For it has been thousands of miles, across mountains and plains, across rivers and deserts; along trails never traveled by a howitzer before.

"Frémont and the gun have been all the way to the coast. They are now well on their way back.

"It is winter. The Indian guides feel the cold.

They refuse to go farther. And the guides are needed. Frémont is trying an entirely new way home.

"Kit Carson, the scout and Indian fighter, is with Frémont. The rest of the party, also, are strong, brave men. But on this Christmas Day they are discouraged. The country ahead seems to be impassible.

"For the next few weeks the howitzer had a hard time; but not so hard, perhaps, as the horses which had to drag it. Sometimes they were in mountains and that meant snow. It was not easy to draw the gun through the snow. Other places were rocky. The rocks cut the horses' feet. They wore out so many shoes, the nails gave out. Every scrap of iron was worked into nails; but soon they were all gone.

"So Frémont finally gave up trying to go home that way. He turned back toward California.

"But hard times for the howitzer were not over. Each day it became harder to get the gun into camp. Finally came a day when it had to be left on the banks of a stream. The men were so sorry to leave it! But the horses were worn out. It was difficult to cross the stream, even without it.

"During the next few weeks, the men had troubles of their own. There was snow on the mountains — deep snow. The Indian guides — "

"Who said Indian? Are you telling Indian stories?" broke in Junior, eagerly.

"Well, young man, did that magic word draw you back to camp?" Uncle John chuckled.

Gordon, too, laughed. "It's a shame to waste Indian

stories on a girl when two live boys are around. What is the story?"

"That of Frémont."

The boy's face lighted up.

"Some chap, wasn't he? Gee, I wish I had lived then! I wish I had been with him!"

"Hunger and all? You might try going without your dinner for a few days."

"What do you mean? Tell me, Uncle John," demanded Junior.

"Before Frémont's men got across the Sierras, they were terribly hungry. How would you like that?"

"Not I. I'm starved now." Junior rubbed his stomach. "When do we eat?"

"Not until Aunt Julia comes from church. We might surprise her by getting dinner all ready. How about it, Beth?"

"You are having dinner with us to-day," said Gordon. "There is ice-cream and cake. Didn't mother tell you? Please finish the story."

"I am nearly through. Frémont's party was crossing the Sierras in the snow. Did you ever read of the polar expeditions? At least you have seen pictures of Alaska and northern Canada. Frémont had no sledges; and the only dogs he had were some they finally had to eat. They ate mules, too. And even then they were hungry. But they had to break a track through the snow. One man would go ahead and break the trail until he was too tired to go farther. Then another would take his turn.

"About half of the animals died. There was very little grass for them; often, none. But the men struggled on. They knew that on the other side of the mountains was Sutter; and that meant plenty.

"Most Americans who met trouble in California turned to Sutter for help. For Sutter was both powerful and kind. He was a Swiss-American who had come to California a few years before. The Mexicans had given him a large tract of land on the Sacramento. Here he built a fort for protection against the Indians. He employed many helpers, both Indians and white men. Besides farming the land, they made almost everything needed at the fort.

"Sutter welcomed Frémont. What a busy place the fort was for the next few days! Flour must be ground in the mills. The horses and mules must be shod. Harness must be repaired. Pack-saddles must be made. Necessary provisions must be got together.

"Meanwhile the animals and men were resting — and feeding.

"With fresh animals and supplies, Frémont started back. He had had enough of snow for a while. And so he turned south through the San Joaquin Valley. He left California over the old Spanish trail to Santa Fé."

"What became of the howitzer?" asked Beth.

"Oh, it was found a few years later. For many years, it was at Lake Tahoe. So far as I know, it is there yet."

"There come the folks!" cried Junior. "Now for the eats!"

Beth got a few minutes alone with Uncle John later in the day.

"Tell me more about Frémont, Uncle," she coaxed. "Wasn't he called 'The Pathfinder'? Was that because he found a new trail across the Sierras?"

"I believe it was because a part of his work was to find the best route for the emigrants," replied her uncle.

"He also gathered a great deal of other information. In his report of the trip, Frémont tells much about the trees and flowers. He made a collection of plants, but they were lost in the Sierras, when a pack-mule went off the mountain. Even on the mountains, when all were so cold and tired and hungry, he kept account of such things.

"At each camp he made a record of its height and position. He found how high it was by the temperature of boiling water. He found the *latitude* by certain tests in connection with the stars. He carried the best of instruments with him. On one of the coldest nights, he was up at three o'clock to take one of these observations.

"Frémont was not only a well-educated man, but an excellent writer. His account of the journey is ever so thrilling. Many people became interested in the West through reading his reports. Emigrants who were coming West studied his maps and his descriptions of the different routes.

"The Pathfinder was again in California when the

Mexican War broke out. He had come on another trip for Uncle Sam. The Mexican authorities ordered him to leave the State. He refused. His men were well armed, as on the other trip. They built a fort in the mountains, expecting an attack from General Castro. But no attack was made.

"After a short time, Frémont started for Oregon. Near the State line, he was overtaken by a message from Washington. This one reached him safely. It had begun to look as if war with Mexico was certain. Uncle Sam didn't want him to leave the State.

"Frémont and his soldiers went into camp near the Sacramento River. By this time, there were many Americans and other foreigners in the Sacramento Valley."

"It sounds funny to call the Americans foreigners," interrupted Beth.

"Yet, if you think a minute, you will see that they were just that. California belonged to Mexico. We were the intruders.

"Many of the settlers in that part of the State did not get along with the Mexican Government in California. Finally all foreigners were ordered out of California. It was rumored that the settlers were to be attacked. They prepared for fighting and attacked Sonoma. The Californians there had been friendly to the settlers and were altogether surprised. They made no resistance.

"The successful settlers now organized the Republic of California. They needed a flag. Some one drew a

picture of a grizzly bear. The flag also bore a five-pointed star. Here, I'll draw you a picture."

Uncle John sketched the flag and colored it.

"The new Government was called the 'Bear Flag Republic.' Frémont joined in the uprising. The Californians didn't get very much excited. Before there was much actual fighting, news came that the Mexican War had started.

"At first there was no resistance. Monterey surrendered peaceably. Then came the revolt at Los Angeles. There was some hard fighting there and farther south.

"When the war broke out, Uncle Sam sent Kearny to capture New Mexico and California. He came from Santa Fé to California over the Gila River trail, followed by the Patties. On his way from Warner's Ranch to San Diego, he was met by the California troops. The battle that followed was the most serious fought on California soil.

"After the battle, Kit Carson and two other scouts made their way through to San Diego and brought back help.

"The combined army of the Americans marched toward Los Angeles. A final battle was fought near the Los Angeles River. Then followed the Treaty of Cahuenga and California was lost to the Mexicans forever."

CHAPTER XIX

CALIFORNIA WRITERS

JUNIOR liked the ferry building, with its high tower and big clock. As long as he could see that clock, he was not afraid of getting lost.

The travelers crossed over to Oakland on the ferry. It was almost as much fun as going to Catalina.

The children were eager to see Lake Merritt. Amelia had told them how the wild ducks come to the lake each winter and how the children celebrate the event. They had seen a picture of the Lake Merritt festival at a movie in Los Angeles. The happy school children, dancing by the lake, had welcomed the coming of the birds.

A whole day was spent on the east side of the bay. It was pleasant to eat a picnic lunch on the shores of the lake. Lake Merritt is a salt-water lake — really a part of the bay.

Uncle John took the boys to one of the big motor manufacturing plants near the bay. He was sure they would like to see how automobiles are made. They also went to a shipbuilding plant.

There is a great deal of manufacturing about San Francisco Bay. Industries usually spring up around a good harbor. It is cheaper to move goods by water than

by land. Ships come to the bay from all parts of the world. Even before the days of the gold rush, a few boats came. They were for the most part the traders who came to buy California hides and tallow.

In those days, San Francisco was only a small town. Although the bay was called San Francisco, the town was called Yerba Buena, for the wild mint which grew there. Then came the discovery of gold. Captain Sutter's miller, John Marshall, found gold in the stream bed.

This is the way it happened: Marshall was setting up a mill. He needed more room under the wheel. Every night he set the stream to work digging out dirt and gravel. Each morning he turned the water back into its channel.

One morning he was startled. In the stream bed gleamed a yellow lump. It was small — half the size of a pea. It looked to him like gold. Yet he was not sure. How could he tell? He was a miller, not a miner. He bit it: it was soft and showed the marks of his teeth. He hammered it flat. He thought it *must* be gold. He took it to Sutter — surely Sutter would know. But Sutter was not a miner, either. How else could they test it? They dipped it in lye, where a woman was making soap. It came out as bright as ever. Yes, it surely was gold.

This was in January. By spring, the news reached Yerba Buena and Monterey. People left the towns and rushed to the gold fields. They could be seen washing gold along every stream.

When the Easterners heard about the gold, there was a stampede for California. Boats couldn't bring the people fast enough. Some came around Cape Horn. Others came across Mexico or the Isthmus of Panama and took the first boat that would pick them up. Often they had to wait several weeks for a ship.

IN THOSE DAYS SAN FRANCISCO WAS ONLY A SMALL TOWN (1851)

Still other people made the overland trip in emigrant trains — the covered wagons. Few of the overland travelers reached San Francisco; they were too eager to begin digging gold. But of course the ships came to the great bay. Not only American ships came, but those from Europe, from South America, from across the Pacific.

Many books have been written of the days of the "forty-niners" — books of thrilling adventures. They

tell how the lure of gold drew people of all classes and kinds. They tell how English noblemen rubbed elbows with the Chinese coolies in the wild, rough life of the gold camps. They tell of the emigrant trains; the attacks by Indians; the immense buffalo herds of the plains; the prairie fires; the hardships of the desert; of crossing the mountains; of whole parties lost in Death Valley; of the long trip around the Horn or across the Isthmus.

In a few months San Francisco grew to be a large town. New cities sprang up in the gold fields. Altogether many thousands of people came into California; so many that in 1850 she was ready to become a State.

A territorial government was formed in 1849. The convention met at Colton Hall, in Monterey. Both San José and Vallejo had their turn as capitals. Then the legislature adjourned to Sacramento. That new town had sprung up almost overnight at the location of Sutter's fort, where the American Fork joins the Sacramento River.

Farther south, on the San Joaquin, Stockton had its birth. Stockton and Sacramento were the outposts of the gold "diggings." Large fortunes were made by the first people who reached the "diggings."

This was placer gold; that is, it had simply to be "washed" from the dirt and gravel. At first, it was washed in pans or in "cradles," or rockers, made of hollow logs. Then longer wooden troughs were used. These were displaced by the sluice. Still later, hydraulic mining came into use.

Not all the people who came to California went to mining. In the cities fortunes were made in handling supplies for the camps. Tools were needed, as well as clothing and food. Prices for those things were unbelievably high. Many of the emigrants became farmers. Those were the days of the big wheat fields. Many criminals were attracted to the mines and to the

Courtesy of San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

WHERE SHIPS ARE BUILT

cities where gold was so free. For several years, life was rough and lawless; but in time, law and order prevailed.

San Francisco became a real city and settled down to the ordinary business of life. Manufacturing industries sprang up. It became the greatest port on the Pacific. The opening of the Panama Canal greatly increased its shipping business.

The discovery of gold doesn't always result in such great changes. Seven years before the days of forty-nine, the first gold was found in California. It was in the mountains near the San Fernando Valley. But that was while California belonged to Mexico. It caused little excitement except in southern California and Mexico.

After lunch, the tourists drove to Alameda; then to Berkeley to see the University of California. Beth was puzzled.

"I thought we saw the University of California in Los Angeles," she said.

"So we did — a part of it," replied Aunt Julia. "But the Berkeley campus is much older than that at Los Angeles. The University has been located at Berkeley for fifty years."

Beth took pictures of the beautiful buildings and campus; of the high tower — almost as high as the tallest Sequoias. Junior thought he might give up the idea of running a fruitstand and go to college in sight of the high tower.

Before returning to San Francisco, they visited "The Heights," for many years the home of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras.

"Was that his real name?" asked Beth. She wondered whether the San Joaquin River were named for him.

"More likely he was named for the river. I don't know," confessed Aunt Julia. "Perhaps Amelia can tell us."

"Joaquin wasn't his real name. He picked that

up in California. He was only fifteen when he came to the gold camps. It was an exciting life for a boy. He took part in an Indian war. Later he was one of the riders of the Pony Express.

"He wrote poems about California. He went to Europe, and then lived for some years in the East.

THE HIGH TOWER — UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CAMPUS

But he came back to California and built this home. 'The Heights' now belongs to the city of Oakland.

"His later life was also full of adventures. He went to the Klondike during the gold rush there. He made a trip to the Far East, going into the interior of China.

"This State is proud that Joaquin Miller was a California boy."

"Wasn't Edwin Markham also an Oakland man?" asked Uncle John.

"Dad knew Markham," answered Gordon eagerly. "He was principal of a school here in Oakland."

"Who is Markham?" As usual, Beth wanted definite information.

"You tell her, Gordon."

"Why, he is a famous poet."

"Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham," repeated Beth. "I must remember those names. Will you remind me of them, Aunt Julia, if I forget?"

"Surely. We'll write them down to-night. You may as well add Bret Harte's name to the list. He, too, wrote California poems and stories. He lived in San Francisco for many years."

That evening Amelia read Beth Bret Harte's poem of Concepcion Arguello. This is the story in the poem.

Russia had founded fur-trading posts along the coast of Alaska. These people were even farther from home and supplies than were those who founded the California missions.

Count Rezanof was sent out by his Government to see how the colonies fared. He found them in want of food. He bought an American ship loaded with supplies. He knew they would not last long, but they would help a little. Then he sailed south to obtain supplies from the Californians and came to San Francisco Bay.

There were then Spanish laws prohibiting the Californians from trading with foreigners. To be sure, the

Californians often evaded those laws. They needed many articles from other countries, and wanted a market for their hides and tallow. Perhaps, if they had known the dire need of the Russians, they would not have hesitated. But Rezanof did not like to let them know how weak the Russian colonies were. He waited as patiently as he could for the Governor to make up his mind to consent to trade.

While waiting in San Francisco, he fell in love with Concepcion, the beautiful daughter of the commander. She promised to marry him.

The Governor finally allowed Rezanof to buy the needed supplies; and he sailed back to Alaska. He was to report to the Czar and gain permission for the marriage. Then he would return for Concepcion.

For a time, the girl was very happy. Months passed by, and she received no word. Still she had faith that her lover would return. But Rezanof did not come back. He had never reached Saint Petersburg. He had perished in crossing Siberia.

His waiting sweetheart did not know this. For years she expected his return. When all hope left her heart, she went into a convent. It was many years before she learned the truth.

Beth wanted to know more about the Russians. Amelia told her how a colony was founded in California near Bodega Bay. The fort in the colony was called Fort Ross. But it was not successful, and so Sutter bought what was in the fort and the colony was abandoned.

"Just one thing more," coaxed Beth. "You said Joaquin Miller rode in the Pony Express. I am almost sure I have heard something about the Pony Express, but I can't quite remember — "

"You probably heard some of us speak of the celebration. It's too long a story to tell now. Father knows a lot about it. We'll get him started sometime soon."

WATER FRONT AND FERRY BUILDING

CHAPTER XX

THE PONY EXPRESS

"DAD has promised to tell us about the Pony Express," announced Amelia, one evening.

"Oh, good!" Gordon had heard the stories before, but never tired of them.

The children built a camp-fire and toasted marshmallows, while Mr. Hays talked.

"I was only a boy when I came to San Francisco," he began. "I used to pester all my new friends for tales of the early days. There were several men who were always ready to spin yarns for those who cared to listen. I never could hear enough of the days of the gold excitement. But my favorite stories were those of the Pony Express.

"In those days it took mail a long time to get here from the East. There were almost no railroads this side of Saint Joseph, Missouri. Mail must either come around by water or overland by stage. There were several stage lines. At this time, mail came over the Butterfield route by way of Los Angeles.

"Inside the State it wasn't so bad. The mail between San Francisco and Sacramento was carried by boat. There was also a telegraph line between the two cities. But no matter what happened in the East —

even when a President was elected — the news would not reach them out here until weeks afterward.

"It was decided there must be a faster way to carry important letters between St. Joseph and Sacramento. And so a company started the Pony Express. The mail was carried by men riding ponies, or small horses.

"The route as far west as Salt Lake was pretty well traveled. Stage lines had been running there for some time. This side of Salt Lake was a wild, unsettled country. Anywhere along the line, trouble with Indians might be expected. Then there were other bandits of the road — hold-up men. Travelers on the stages were always warned to be well armed.

"The Pony Express riders must go alone through these dangers. Only the fastest horses were used. They were supposed to be able to outrun the Indian ponies. The riders had to be light in weight, in order not to burden the animals. They must be fearless and absolutely reliable. There were other dangers besides the Indians and bandits. They must ride through storms — snow, cloud bursts, sand storms. They must ford dangerous streams. They must cross the alkali deserts, where there was no water for many miles.

"Each rider wore a buckskin suit and carried a knife and guns. The mail was carried in a waterproof pouch.

"The ponies must be changed often, as only fresh mounts can make the best speed. So there were stations along the way, where horses were kept ready for use. On the stage route, they were ten or twelve miles apart. On this side of Salt Lake, they were farther

apart — sometimes thirty, thirty-five, or even seventy-five miles. In these days of automobiles, that may not seem very far. But riding a horse is different. A rider who made a hundred miles in ten hours was doing very well.

"Every hundred miles or so, there was supposed to be a fresh rider, as well as a fresh pony. If the station had been raided by Indians, perhaps there was neither.

"But whatever the difficulties and dangers, the express must go through on time. That was the spirit of the riders, and of the station keepers.

"One rider made eight hundred miles without stopping to rest. He was in the saddle about five and a half days, riding at full speed, through constant danger. Probably that was the most remarkable run made. But every ride was an adventure.

"I'll tell you of one of the experiences of Pony Bob. This rider had already had many narrow escapes. He had been wounded twice by Indians. The Indians were on the war path in Nevada. Bob had a run not far from the California line. One day he came to a station where he was to change mounts. Not a horse was to be seen. The white soldiers had taken them to fight the Indians.

"At the next station he was to have been relieved. But the other rider would not take the run. He considered it too great a risk. So Bob hurried on. Altogether he carried the express one hundred and eighty-five miles, before he was relieved. After a rest of nine hours, Bob was again on the road with the return ex-

press. He approached the station where he had changed horses early in the morning. How still everything seemed! He saw no pony waiting for him. Usually the horse was standing, ready to go. No smoke came from the chimney! He called. There was no answer. He jumped from his horse and went into the station. The keeper had been killed by the Indians only a few hours before. All the horses had been driven away.

"Bob watered his tired horse and pushed on. It was growing dark. His way led through tall sagebrush. He thought there was an Indian behind every bush. But he could not stop. The mail must go through.

"At Carson Sink, about fifty war-decked Indians had been seen prowling about. The station men were badly frightened. This was the next night, and again it was dark. But Bob finished his run. He arrived without a scratch."

"That was a dandy story!" cried Junior. "Tell another."

"There was one rider by the name of Kelley. This was in the same part of Nevada. A rider had been killed by the Indians. Kelley took his place. He had to ride through a forest of little trees. The branches came together over his head. He says he went through those trees like 'greased lightning.' He looked back. Here and there the branches moved. He was sure Indians were lurking there, though he could not see them. Only a few days later, two soldiers were killed in that thicket. So Kelley was probably right.

"One of the best-known riders was Buffalo Bill.

"In less than two years the telegraph line was carried through. The Pony Express was no longer needed. Very few of the riders are now living.

"Dad, tell us a bear story," coaxed Gordon. "Tell us about the man who captured grizzlies."

"Oh, yes, please do!" cried the other children.

"You are sure you won't be frightened, Beth? But, after all, the bear stories aren't as bad as Indian stories.

"The best-known of the bear hunters of the Sierras was a man named Adams. He caught them in traps."

"I think that's cruel," protested Beth.

"I agree with you, if steel traps had been used. Such trapping is cruel. But the traps used by Adams were cages made of poles. He caught the animals that way, because he wanted to take them alive. He was in the business of procuring wild animals for the market. I presume they were used in shows and zoos.

"He captured several bear cubs alive and tamed them. One of his pets was Lady Washington. She was about a year old when captured and was tamed with some difficulty. She became a good bear, though. She slept near her master. He even taught her to carry packs. She went with him on his hunting trips.

"One day, when returning to camp, they met a large bear. Adams had given his rifle to a companion and was armed only with pistol and knife. Man and bear stood eyeing each other. Each waited for the other to make the first move. Adams knew if he moved, the

bear would either attack or run away. He took a chance. With a loud yell, he rattled the large chain worn by Lady Washington, at the same time firing his pistol. Altogether it must have made a terrifying racket; for the bear turned and fled.

"Another of his pets was Ben Franklin, also captured when a cub.

"Both bears went with him on a trip to the Rocky Mountains. While in Utah, little Ben's feet became sore. His master put moccasins on them. At first Ben objected and tried to tear them off; but he soon learned better. He wore them for two weeks, until the blisters were healed. After that, Adams often used moccasins for both his pets.

"Once Ben Franklin saved the hunter's life. Adams visited his old camp in the Sierras. He was not even thinking of bears, when he was struck down by a mother grizzly. He didn't even have time to shoot. Ben flew at the enemy's throat while Rambler, the dog, attacked her thigh. Between them, they kept her busy until Adams could snatch his rifle and shoot the bear through the heart. Both Adams and Ben Franklin were badly injured. The man dressed his pet's wounds before he did his own, feeling that he owed his life to the bear.

"A grizzly is a most ferocious animal. This one could have killed Adams as easily as a cat kills a mouse. Possibly, however, she would not have done so. He knew that an unarmed man has one chance with a bear. That is, to lie perfectly still, pretending to be dead.

Although he had been told this, an inexperienced companion of Adams was killed by a bear. When knocked down, he struggled and cried for help. The bear finished him before his friends could interfere.

"Frémont was the name of a little cub born in captivity. Lady Washington was his mother. Another bear was called Samson. He was full grown when caught and was a very large bear.

"Now, that's enough bears for one night. Don't dare dream about them."

SUNSET ACROSS GOLDEN GATE

CHAPTER XXI

BURBANK THE WIZARD

"ALL aboard for Mount Tamalpais!" Gordon was pilot of that trip. He had made the excursion several times.

A ferry carried the pleasure-seekers across the bay to Sausalito. From Mill Valley a train carried them up the mountain. Such a queer train! And such a crooked track!

Beth held her breath as the train wound round and round and doubled back. But oh, the views! To the westward lay the Pacific. To the south, the bay with its islands; and across Golden Gate, the city. From the summit, they could even see Mount Shasta, far, far, to the north.

"The head of the wishbone," Aunt Julia reminded Beth.

Coming down, Junior shouted with glee as the car rounded some of the curves. He waved his hat. "It's better than the roller-coaster!" he cried, laughing at Beth because she was half afraid.

"Now for Muir Woods," said guide Gordon.

Muir Woods is a grove of giant redwoods. How Beth loved the great trees and the cool shade! The day was one she would cherish for many years.

"Did you ever hear the story about the hollow redwood that sheltered a man and a mule at the same time?" Gordon had just paced around one of the largest trees in the grove. "A mail carrier got caught on the road after dark, one stormy night. He decided to camp for the night. There was room in the hollow tree for himself and the mule to lie down comfortably."

MOUNT TAMALPAIS

Another day Amelia persuaded Uncle John and Aunt Julia to take the children to Petaluma. It was to be a surprise for Beth.

"Now shut your eyes," said the older girl. "Open them when I say 'when.'"

The auto stopped. Patient Beth's eyes were still closed.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" It seemed as if all the roosters in the world were crowing.

"What on earth —" Beth opened her eyes in amazement at the clamor. She saw hundreds and hundreds of white chickens — more than she had seen before in all her life. It was a beautiful sight.

"This is only a beginning." Amelia enjoyed the child's bewilderment.

They visited many yards and pens of chickens. They saw the houses where the eggs are laid and the incubators where the chicks are hatched. Uncle John had brought them to the largest hatchery in Petaluma.

Petaluma is full of chickens. It has been called the "egg basket of the world." Many of the eggs are sold in San Francisco and the other cities about the bay.

Leaving Petaluma, Uncle John did not turn back to the city. He did not tell the children where he was going.

"What will you give me if I guess?" asked Gordon.

"Please don't. Let's have another surprise."

Just then "pop" went a tire — the first blow-out since they had come to San Francisco. The surprise was on Uncle John, to the great delight of the children.

They crossed a bridge into Santa Rosa, the home of Luther Burbank, the plant wizard of California.

Like Muir, Burbank has been all his life a lover of Nature, especially of plants. A story is told of his childhood love for a cactus. It grew in a flower pot. He nursed it like a baby, carrying it around with him everywhere he went. Great was his sorrow when he broke it. This happened when he stumbled one day and dropped it.

Like Muir, too, the boy Burbank was somewhat of a wizard with machinery. He invented an important machine in the factory where he worked. His friends hoped he would become an inventor. He was not con-

tented, however, to spend his life in a factory. He was too fond of the outdoors. He became a gardener and raised seeds. It was then that he developed the Burbank potato.

Like Muir, Burbank came to California when he was a young man. But their life-work was to be quite different. Muir's work was in the mountains and forests. Burbank's must be done in cultivated fields and gardens. For he wished to breed plants.

"I told you," said Uncle John, "how the common beet was changed into a sugar plant. That is a good example of the kind of work Burbank loves.

"Sometimes he works for perfume; sometimes for beauty; sometimes for utility. Do you know what that means, little man?" Uncle John turned to Junior. He realized that the little boy couldn't understand his grown-up talk.

"You are very fond of plums. You have almost eaten your weight in them since they have been in market. The plum is one of California's most important fruit crops. The dried prunes you like so well are made from a fruit like a plum.

"Burbank set out to help the rancher who raises plums and prunes for the market. You know Burbank is a wizard. You know from your Oz story how a wizard works.

"This wizard said to himself, 'No one likes little fruit. It is too much bother to pick and handle. A larger plum will please the housekeeper. It will look better in market. It will sell better.'

"So he raised his wand over a tree, and presto! it bore large, juicy plums. He picked one. How fine it looked! He tasted it. It was good, but oh, so sour! How it puckered his mouth! 'I can beat that,' he said.

"He waved his wand again. The fruit did not change in appearance. But now it was sweet and pleasant to eat.

"But the wizard was not satisfied yet. What else would please the farmer? Why, to get his fruit to market earlier in the season. Very well. It was done. Anything else? Why not make the tree grow faster and bear fruit at a younger age? One last wave of the wand and this, too, was accomplished.

"The wizard took off his hat and bowed low. 'Here, Mr. California fruit-grower. Take my gift. May it put many dollars into your coffers.'

"That is what breeding for utility means."

"You have given Junior a lesson, but you are not fair to Burbank," protested Aunt Julia. "The truth is, Junior, it took years of hard, careful work to accomplish the changes. Many thousands of trees were grown and most of them destroyed. For Burbank would not sell any but the best."

"True," admitted Uncle John. "I plead guilty. But Junior understands I was telling him a fairy story. He knows better than to think plants can be changed so easily. Burbank has always been one of the hardest of workers. When he first came to California, he was very poor and in ill health. It was a long time before he could even begin the work he loves, because he

didn't have the land or the money he needed to start with.

"Often Burbank works with flowers. You know the Shasta daisies in Amelia's flower garden. Burbank developed those from the common daisy.

"We owe the thornless cactus to him. He thought it very wasteful not to make use of a plant that grows with so little trouble. Without the thorns it is good forage.

"Burbank's whole idea is to improve Nature. Unthinking animals must accept plants as Nature has made them. But why should intelligent man do the same?

"The idea is not a new one. The cultivated apple is far superior to the little sour wild one. The Illinois farmer, by selecting seed corn, ripens his grain ahead of the frost.

"But Burbank is a specialist. He devoted his whole life to the one object. So he has accomplished more than any other man in plant breeding."

CHAPTER XXII

TWO EXCURSIONS

One more trip was taken to the north. Up through the lovely Napa Valley, over Mount Saint Helena and on to Clear Lake.

Amelia and Gordon were very mysterious about this excursion. They took a camping outfit with them, and so needed a second machine. Amelia drove her father's car (Mr. and Mrs. Hays did not go, nor Sally). She made Uncle John let her lead the way. He even agreed not to look up the route in his guidebook before starting.

"You like to surprise other people. Now it is your turn," she said.

Just at the head of Napa Valley, she chose a camping spot. They had come to a town lying in the midst of vineyards.

"Camp at noon?" protested Junior. "Why do we do that?"

"Don't ask questions, young man. See if you can find sticks for a fire." Amelia set them all to work. She sent Uncle John to a ranch to buy grapes and milk. She made Gordon monitor of the fire. Aunt Julia and Beth spread a cloth and unpacked the lunch, while Amelia herself made coffee.

After lunch, while the girls were clearing up, Uncle John and Gordon prepared camp for the night.

"Now all get into my machine." Amelia drove through the town (Calistoga) and out to the petrified forest. It was indeed a surprise. Here were broken trunks of trees which had turned to stone.

"I have seen the petrified forests in Arizona," said Uncle John, "but I didn't know there were any in California."

"What makes them?" Beth, as usual, appealed to Aunt Julia. She picked up a broken piece. It looked somewhat like wood, but was as hard as stone.

"Ages ago, forests grew here. Through some natural change, they became covered with water. Perhaps there was a lake here. The minerals in the water caused the wood to petrify."

The next morning they broke camp and started up Mount Saint Helena.

"Please let me go in Uncle John's car," pleaded Beth, ashamed of being afraid, but still afraid. She couldn't entirely overcome her fear of these winding mountain roads, with their sharp curves.

At the top of the mountain, they stopped to let Beth take pictures and to see the Russian tablet.

"The Russians put this here in memory of the founding of their fort," explained Amelia. "You know they were not in California very long. Perhaps they thought we might forget them. On the way home I will take you through Russian River Valley."

They camped for a couple of days at Clear Lake, one

of the prettiest spots in California. Other tourists were there. Uncle John did not want to leave.

"I am coming back next year," he said. "I am going to spend the whole summer in northern California, hunting and fishing."

Amelia had another surprise for her guests. She led them back by way of the geyser springs. She followed the Russian River, as she had promised, coming down to Mount Rio. Then to the city by way of Tomales Bay.

"Want to go on another trip with me?" asked Amelia, one morning.

"*Do* we?" — "All of us?" — "Is it another surprise?" — "Are we going to camp?" — The questions came thick and fast.

"Yes, I can take you all. And it is a surprise. So don't ask too many questions. Trust me. But we shall not camp this time. You will sleep in your own beds to-night. Sally may go, too, if Beth will look after her. I can't watch her and drive through traffic."

Amelia did not leave the city. She led the way to a movie, instead.

"You liked the north so much," she said. "I am going to take you on an imaginary excursion."

The first scene was a lumber camp in a redwood forest. The logs were floated down a stream to a sawmill. The sawed lumber was loaded on to barges.

"We saw that lumber unloaded at the harbor," Junior declared. "The boats look just the same."

There were views of ranches lying in little valleys, almost lost in the mountains of the far north.

"You see, Beth," Aunt Julia whispered. "Big or little, the valleys are all farmed."

There were apple orchards along the Eel river; and dairy ranches in Marin County, where butter is made. Wild mountain streams were shown, rushing and tumbling; and more placid rivers, quietly wending their way to the ocean.

Last of all, the picture showed a boat ride up the coast. Beth enjoyed that. The ship slowly steamed out of San Francisco Bay, through Golden Gate, and

THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN

ploughed its way northward through a rough sea. The film showed "cut-ins" of the rocky coast. They saw Point Arena, with its lighthouse warning ships to stand off from the shore. They entered Humboldt Bay, and saw the town of Eureka, where schooners were taking on lumber.

"That is all of the picture," said Amelia. "Now back to the car again."

She took them to Golden Gate Park, where they ate a picnic lunch which Mrs. Hays had prepared for them, and had tea in the Japanese tea garden.

In the afternoon, they visited Chinatown. Beth had heard a good deal of talk at home about this interesting section. It was one of the things her father especially wanted her to see. It lies near the heart of the city. In the ten blocks of the district are said to be nearly ten thousand people. The old Chinatown Beth's father had read so much about was destroyed by the great fire. It grew up at the time of the gold rush. Many Chinese came to San Francisco in those days.

Amelia led her guests through the shops. There they saw beautiful embroideries and curious toys. Beth bought a few things to take home — lily bulbs, candied ginger, and a pair of embroidered slippers for her mother.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

ALL too soon came the time to say good-bye. Beth was actually in tears. Junior scorned to cry, but he felt a queer sinking of the heart at the thought of life without Spud. He had grown fond of Sally, too.

Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

ON THE RIVER AT SACRAMENTO

Aunt Julia did not think it wise to let Beth grieve long.

"Think of what a happy summer you have had," she said. "And now you are going home to Mother and

Dad. How much you have to tell them! Cheer up! I want you to enjoy every minute of the trip home."

They left over the Lincoln Highway, by way of Sacramento. This route was used by many of the emigrant trains, and by the Pony Express. It was also the route of the first railroad that came into California.

What a task it was to build that railroad over the mountains! Very few people thought it could be done. There were railroads in the East, but that was different. How could a road cross these high mountains, with their steep grades and deep snow? How could people lay a track across the alkali deserts, where there was no water? How could the rails and other materials be brought from the East?

It wasn't that the Californians didn't want a railroad. They wanted it very much. Every one going East, even the Congressmen, must make the long, dangerous journey by stage-coach, unless they chose the longer way by water. So they talked about it for years; but they said, "It can't be done!"

One man had faith. That man was Judah, a young engineer. He said, "It *can* be done!"

He spent months in the mountains studying the route. He made the first survey. He convinced others that the road was possible.

Four Sacramento business men pushed the project through. For Judah died before the work was well started.

Yes, it was a big undertaking to build that road.

Money — a great deal of money — had to be raised. The supplies had to come by water around Cape Horn and then be hauled by wagons across the mountains and deserts. Help was hard to get. A mining boom was on in Nevada and it attracted the best labor of the

Courtesy of Sacramento Chamber of Commerce

AN ALMOND ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM — SACRAMENTO VALLEY

West. Thousands of Chinese laborers were brought in for the work. Snow hindered the work in the Sierras; heat and lack of water, in the desert.

But mile by mile the track was extended eastward. From the Missouri River, another line was coming to meet it. The two roads were running a race. They met at a point in Utah, not far from Ogden. It was a

day of great rejoicing. The rails were joined with a gold and a silver spike. The Pacific Railroad was completed.

Aunt Julia thought they should not go home without seeing Mount Lassen. So they drove up the Sacramento Valley to Red Bluff. Mount Lassen is the only active volcano in this country.

"Well, young man, we are getting into the mountains where Frémont's men ate the dogs." Uncle John pulled out to the side of the road to cool his engine. They were back on the Lincoln Highway. "How would you like to cross the Sierras in a covered wagon?"

"Oh, I would! I wouldn't be afraid. I like to drive horses. I wouldn't even be afraid of the Indians. I'd carry a gun." Junior never admitted he was afraid.

"Indians were not the greatest peril the emigrants faced. Suppose it were winter and the snow was deep?"

"Too deep to drive through?" Junior thought a minute. "I'd make camp and wait for the snow to melt."

"Good! But what would you eat?"

"I'd shoot buffalo."

"There wouldn't be any buffalo in the mountains," protested Beth. "What *did* they do, Uncle John?"

"Usually they made the trip in summer. It was only by accident that a party got caught by the snow. Then it was a pretty serious business. Aunt Julia will tell you about it."

"Oh, a story, Aunt Julia! That will be great!" Junior climbed over into the back seat.

"Let me see," mused Aunt Julia. "Where shall I begin?

"Virginia Reed was an Illinois girl, a little older than Beth. For weeks there had been great excitement in her home. Groups of men met at her father's house. They spent long evenings studying maps and making plans. For they were going to California, the land of opportunity. They had heard of the rich valleys and wonderful climate. They were going to make their home there.

"There was plenty for Virginia to do. Father would get the wagons and teams ready for the long trip. He would buy flour and salt meat and other supplies. Mother's job was to get clothes ready for the whole family. She must also pack dishes and pans. She must bake bread and cook food enough to start them on their journey. Virginia's hands must help; for the other children were still younger.

"At last all was ready. All the neighbors and friends who were going started out together. Other wagons joined them. Soon there was a large wagon train, such as you saw in 'The Covered Wagon.' That picture showed you what life on the road was like.

"All went well until the party divided. One group left the Oregon trail at Fort Bridger. They had heard of a shorter trail across the Salt Lake Desert, through Nevada and across these mountains.

"The Reeds were in the group which took the cut-off. This group was called the Donner party. (Their leader was an Illinois man named Donner.) In the Donner family there were a number of children, also. One was a tiny girl of four, named Eliza. The party met many hardships and mishaps on the new trail. By the time they reached California, snow had begun to fall, much earlier than usual. They struggled on for a while, but were finally snowbound.

"We'll show you Donner Lake when we reach it. That is where they camped until rescued by men from Sutter's fort. Their food gave out long before help came. A good many of them died of hunger.

"Before they reached California, Virginia showed herself an unusually brave girl. In a quarrel, her father had killed a man. Though he was not so much to blame as the other fellow, Mr. Reed was tried and sentenced. His punishment was to leave the train — to go alone on the desert, unarmed and without supplies. It seemed that it must mean death.

"His little daughter determined to save his life. Slipping away from camp with a trusted friend, she carried him blanket and food, guns and ammunition, and matches.

"To do this she braved all the dangers of the dark night on the desert; of Indians and wild animals; of getting lost. And she risked the anger of the other emigrants if they learned what she was doing. But she got safely back to camp, without being discovered.

"Do you think you could have done that, Beth?"

"I could," boasted Junior. "I wouldn't have been afraid."

"What became of Mr. Reed?" asked Beth.

"He managed to reach Sutter's fort and help with the rescue. So he and his brave little girl were once more united."

The last day in California was spent by the travelers on Lake Tahoe. To reach the lake, they had driven along the dashing Truckee River.

SCENE NEAR LAKE TAHOE

The children had never seen anything like Lake Tahoe. Neither, for that matter, had Uncle John or Aunt Julia. It is a lake of deepest blue — so clear that the bottom may be plainly seen. Stretches of sand, rocks covered with bright moss, mountain trout dashing through the water, seem to be within touch of the hand. Yet they are far, far below the surface of the lake.

The shore is broken into little coves and bays. Uncle John helped Beth get many views. Each was a gem of beauty. From Tahoe Vista they got a view of the whole lake. It is an oval, surrounded by snowcapped peaks.

"What a fitting remembrance of California that picture will be!" said Aunt Julia. "Who was it called it 'Lake of the Sky'?"

"Not much like the lake we tried to swim in, is it, Beth?" Uncle John chuckled.

Beth smiled at the memory of her first California picture. The child herself was a picture, with her dimples and sparkling eyes. How she loved beauty!

"I am not going to say good-bye to this picture," she said. "I will take it with me, to remember, always."

The next morning found them again on the highway. They soon reached the border-line of the State, where a sign tells of the limit of California.

Uncle John stopped the car that they might take a last look before crossing into Nevada. The children turned to wave good-bye to sunny California.

"That only means good-bye until the next time," said Beth. "Some day we are coming back."

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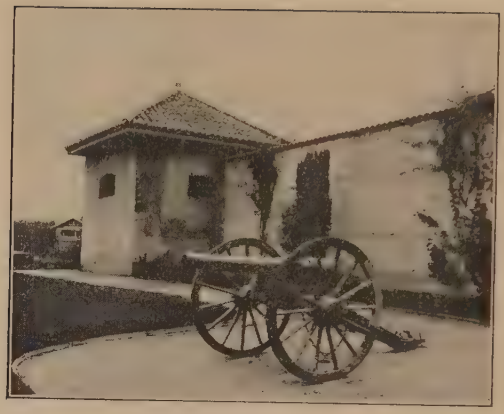

SUTTER'S FORT

UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO

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